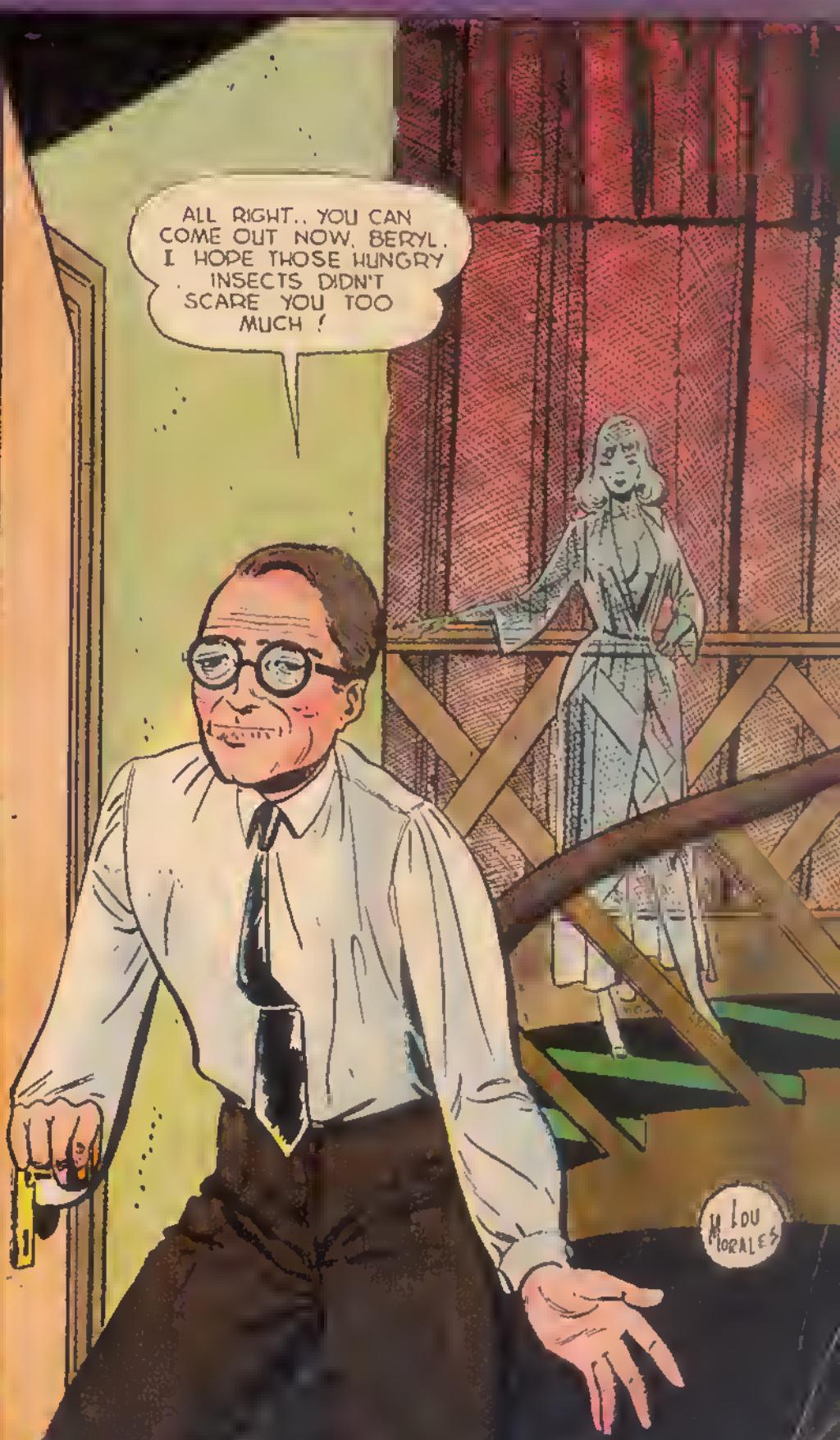
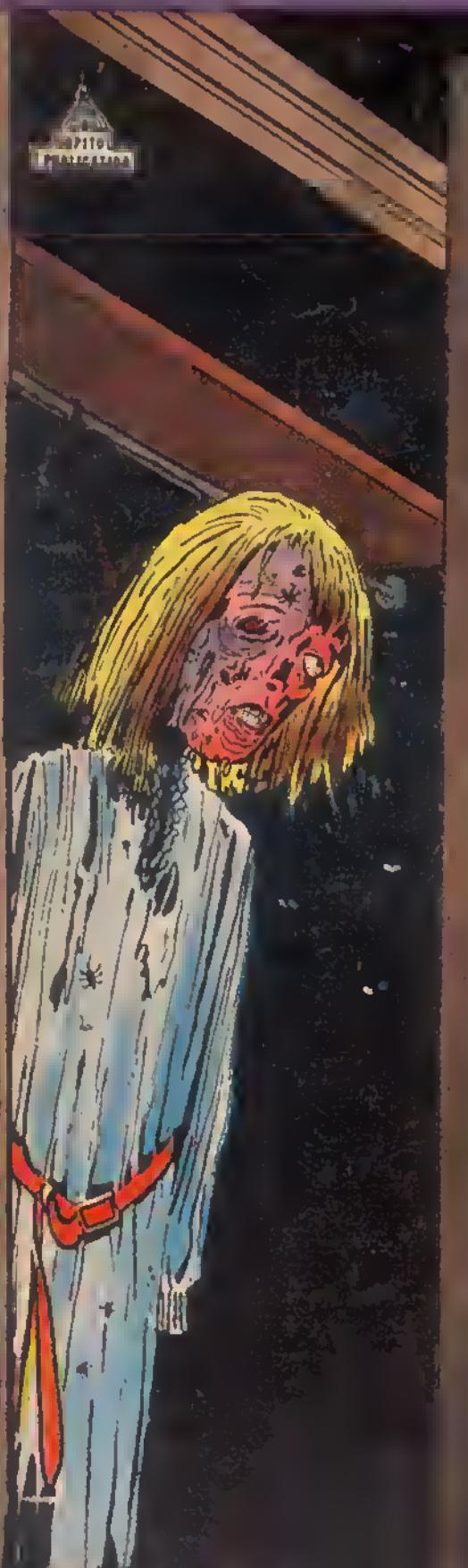


LAW BREAKERS

10¢
CDC

NO 12

SUSPENSE STORIES



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



TRUCKS

CANNONS

BOMBERS

TANKS

CRUISERS

BATTLESHIPS

PT. BOATS

MARINES

WAVES

WACS

SAILORS

SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS

SAILORS

WACS

MORTARS

MARINES

PT BOATS

HOWITZERS

SOLDIERS

SAILORS

WACS

MARINES

PT. BOATS

BATTLESHIPS

CRUISERS

JETS

BOMBERS



Now you can be Commander in Chief of this complete task force. Have pitched battles, gunnery drills, deploy your troops for attack and defense. Here's a complete army . . . 50 pieces in all including soldiers, sailors, marines, PT boat, Howitzers, tanks, planes, and ships. You'll be thrilled and delighted with this complete task force. Nothing else like it!

LOOK WHAT YOU GET: SOLDIERS
SAILORS • MARINES • WACS • TANKS
JEEPS • PT BOATS • BATTLESHIPS • JET
PLANES • BOMBERS • MACHINE GUNNERS
HOWITZERS • TRUCKS • BAZOOKA MEN
RIFLEMEN

FIGHTING FORCE
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

**FREE
6" LONG DIE CUT
SHOOTING CANNON!**

Supplies Limited! Don't delay. Rush name and address and \$1 for each set. Your complete 50-piece task force will be shipped by return mail. Sorry no COD's. Rush your dollar today.

FIGHTING FORCE
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
I enclose _____ of \$1 per set. Rush
your 50-piece Fighting Force set prepaid

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MACHINE GUNS

BAZOOKAS

RIFLEMEN

JETS

LAWBREAKERS

H ELLO, DEAR READERS. IF YOU'RE NOT TOO SQUEAMISH, READ THE NEXT EIGHT PAGES... YOU'LL BE TREATED TO A BRIEF REVIEW IN NATURE STUDY... MAINLY INSECTS... AND THE BEAUTY IN...

The BLACK CLOSET

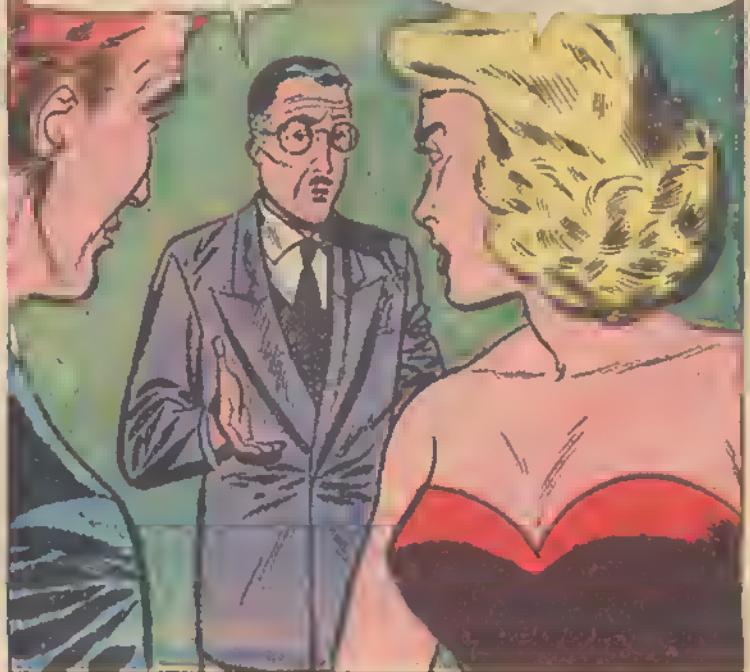


THERE GOES BERYL FLIRTING WITH THE YOUNGER INSTRUCTORS AGAIN! IF IT WEREN'T BECAUSE DEAN FOSTER CAME PERSONALLY TO PICK MY WIFE AND ME UP, I WOULD NEVER HAVE ATTENDED THIS PRE-HOLIDAY GATHERING!

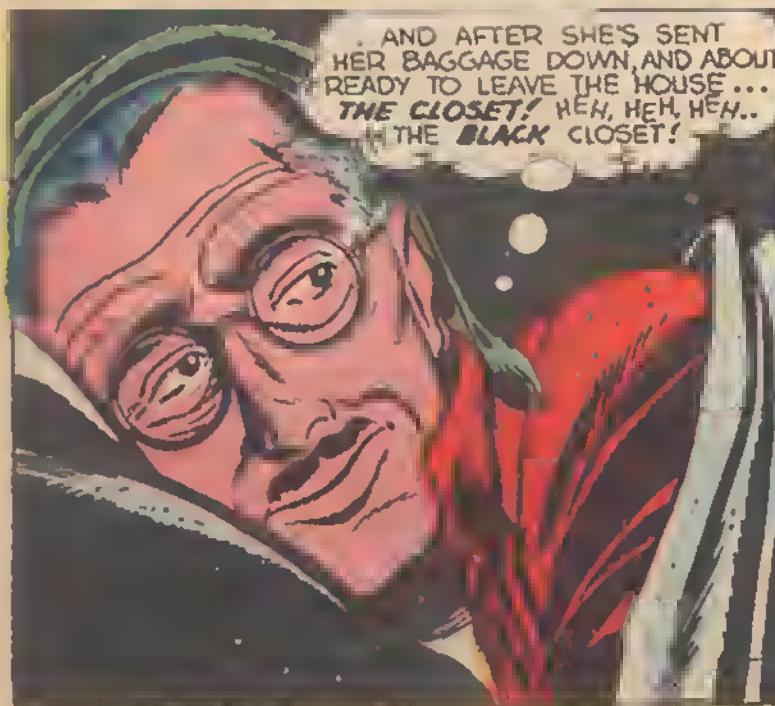


IT'S RATHER LATE, DEAR, YOU MUST BE TIRED. I'LL GET OUR COATS.

BUT.. BUT, GORDON, WE SO RARELY GO OUT, I JUST WANTED...



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

OH, GORDON.
HOW
WONDERFUL!

OF COURSE, YOU'LL HAVE TO
GO BY YOURSELF... I HAVE SO
MUCH WORK TO GET DONE...



DID YOU TELL OUR
NEIGHBORS, THE CALDWELLS
AND DEAN FOSTER'S WIFE
YOU WERE LEAVING
TODAY, DEAR?

YES, I DID. I'LL
FIX US UP A DRINK
TO WISH ME BON
VOYAGE.



YOU KNOW I'D BE MUCH
HAPPIER IF YOU WERE GOING
WITH ME, GORDON... DID
YOU CALL A TAXI?

YES, DEAR. I TOLD HIM
TO MAKE SURE YOUR
LUGGAGE GETS ON
BOARD SHIP... THAT
WE'D BE DOWN LATER.



AS BERYL TURNED TO GO INTO THE KITCHEN...

GORDON!
WHAT ARE...
GGMMMPH...



LAWBREAKERS

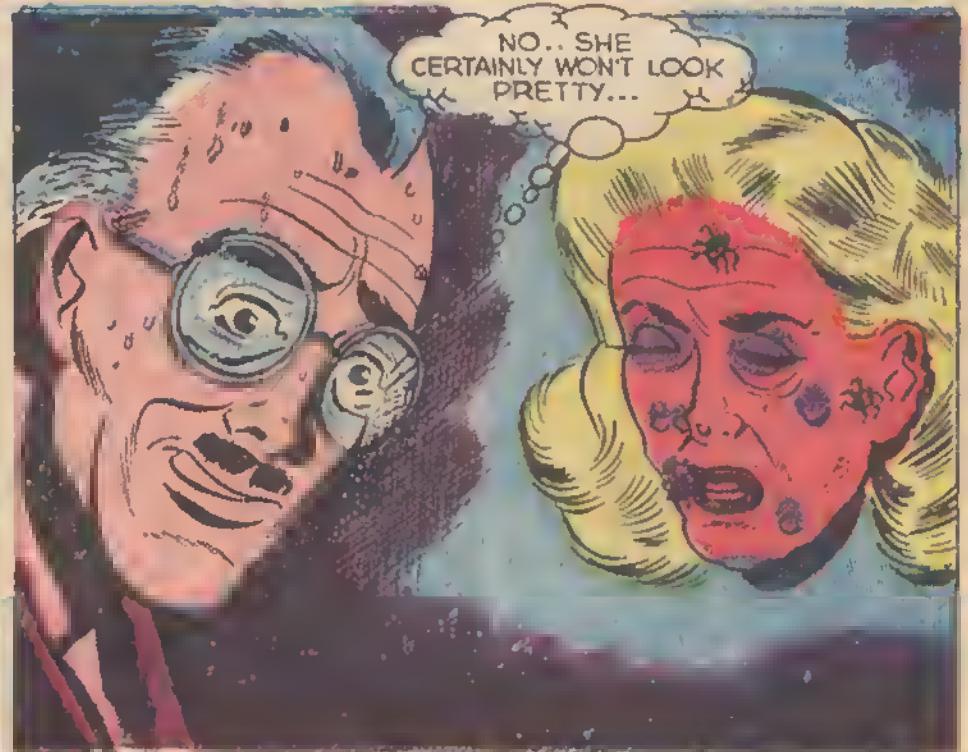
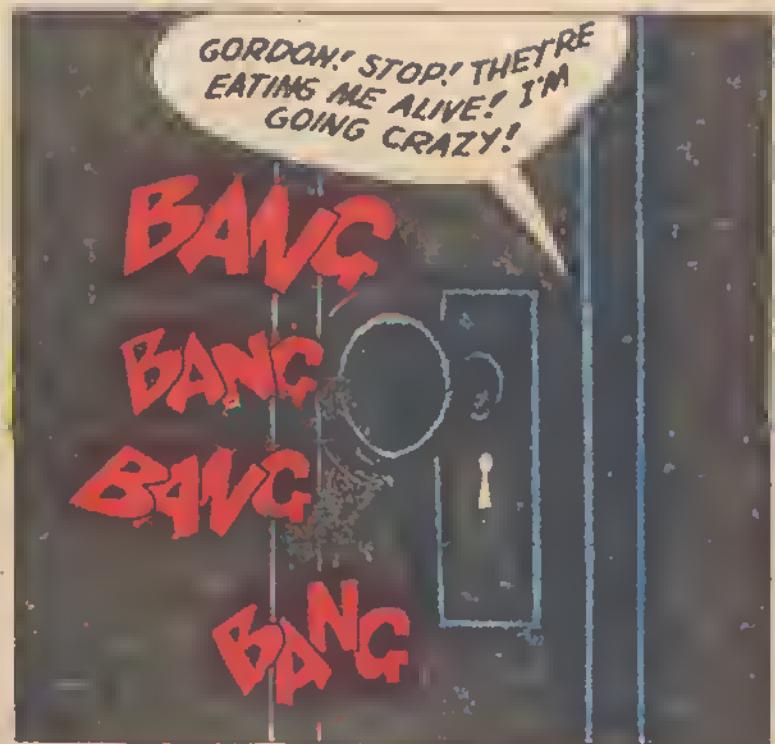
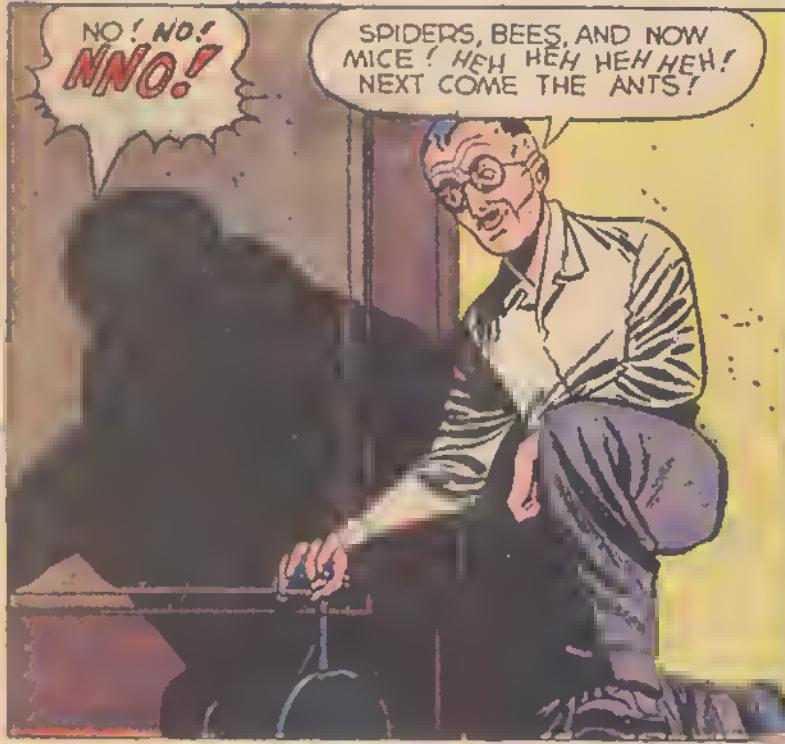
NOW, MY DEAR BERYL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER EVERY TIME YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF THE BELLE OF THE BALL...

GORDON! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? LET ME OUT OF THIS CLOSET!

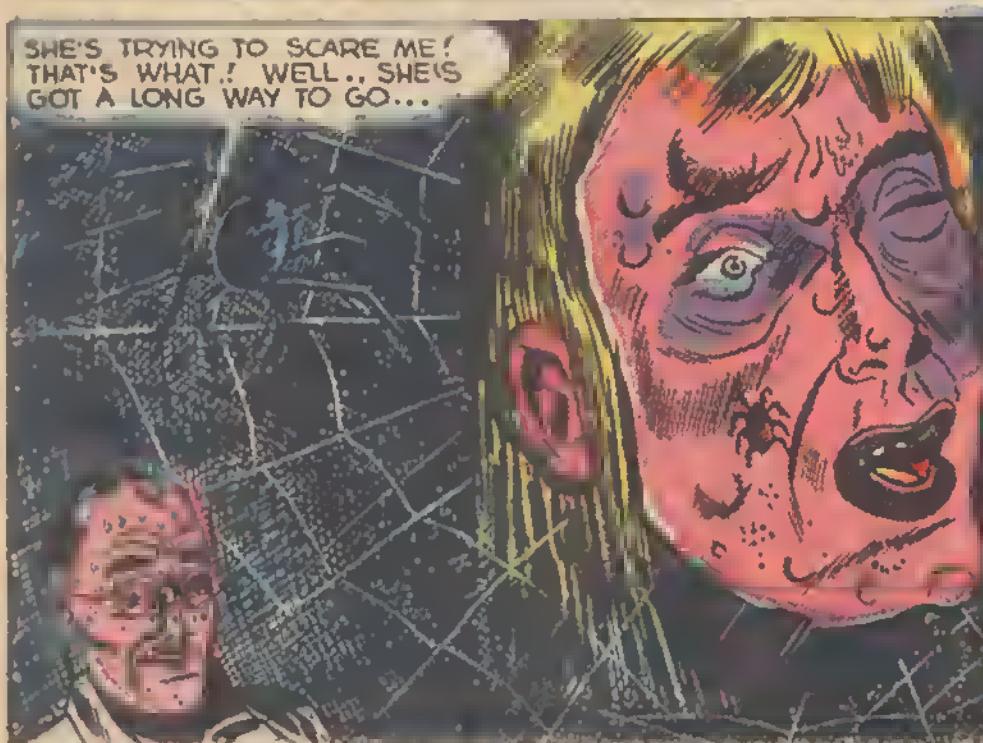
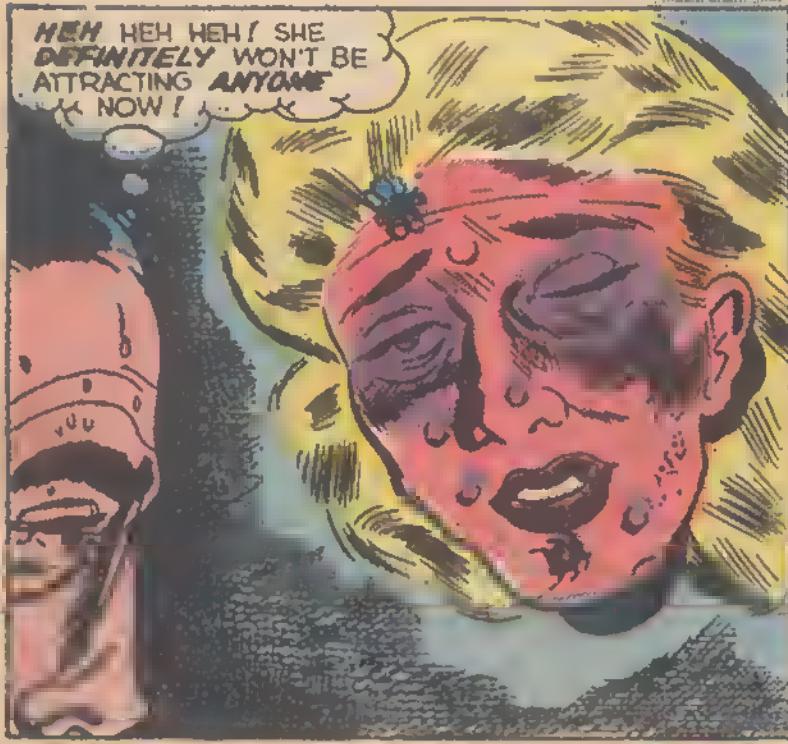
DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF MRS. HILLER... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY SOON... VERY SOON...



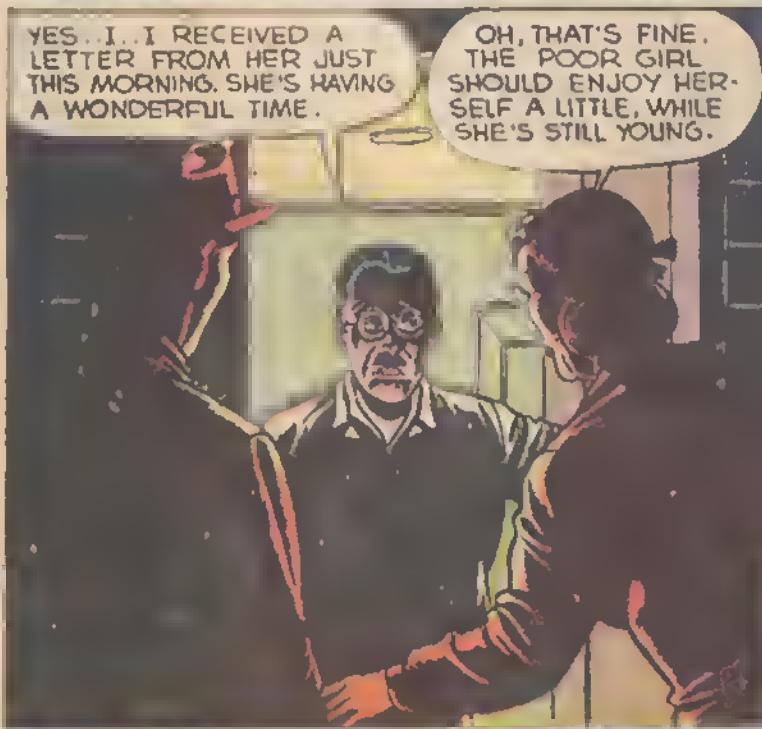
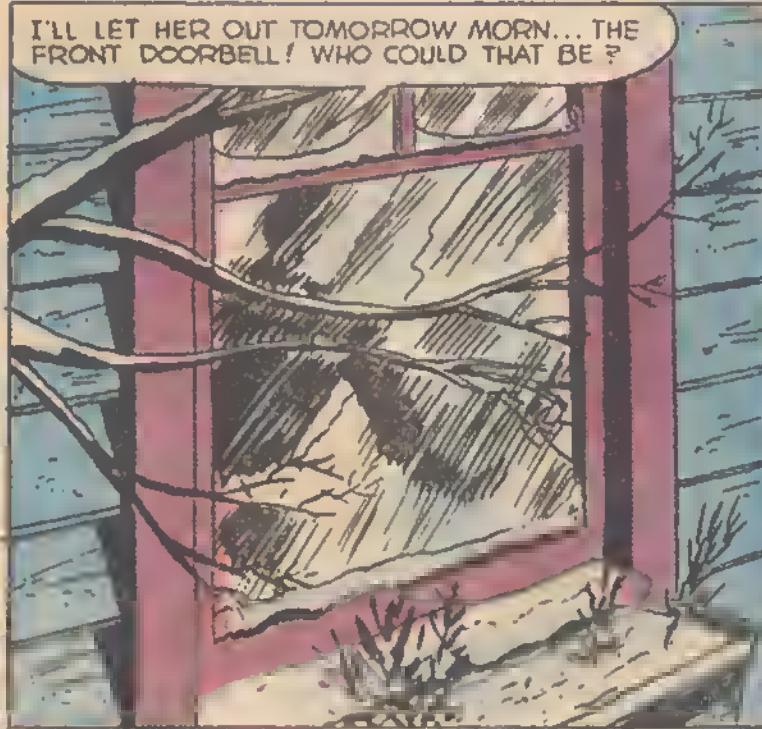
LAWBREAKERS



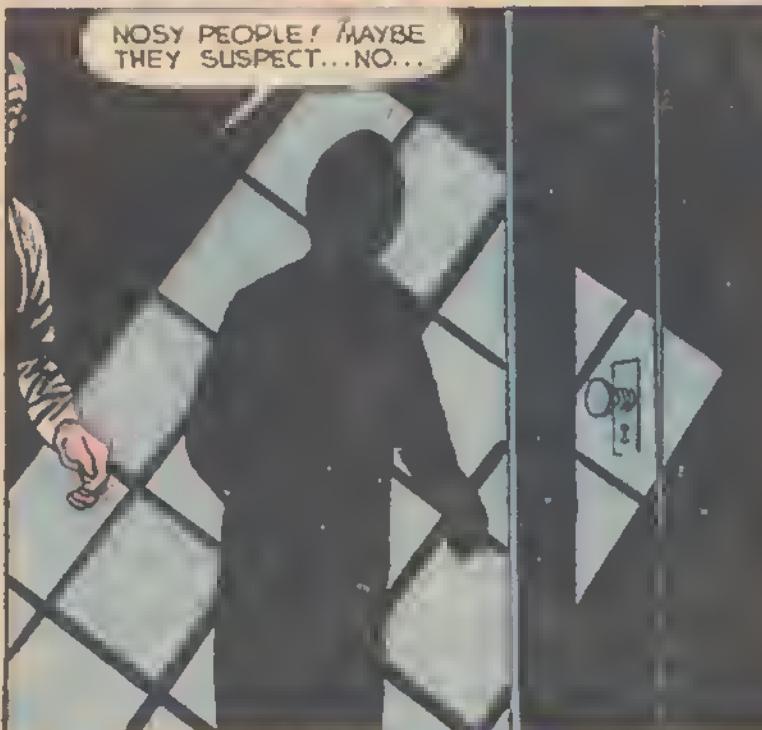
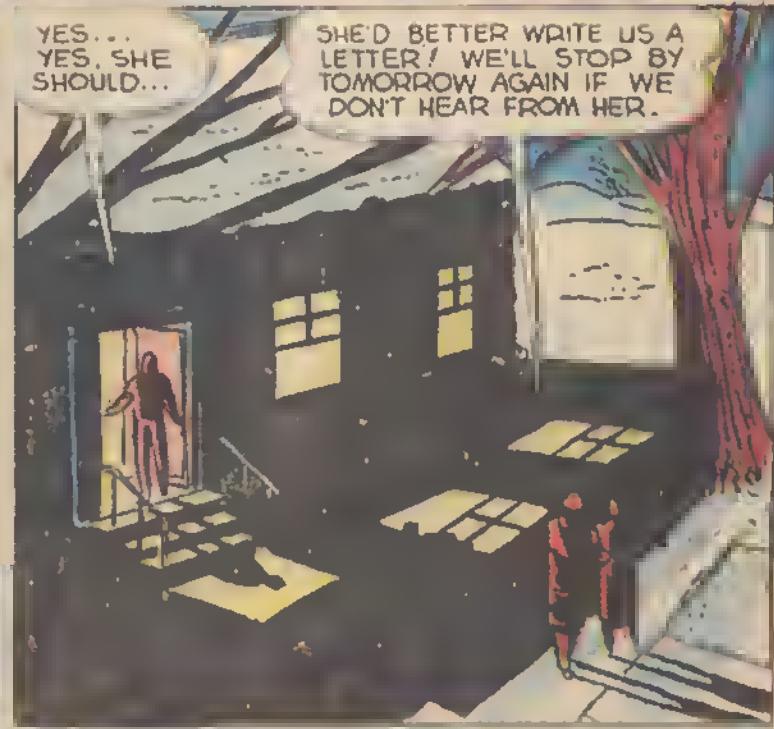
LAWBREAKERS



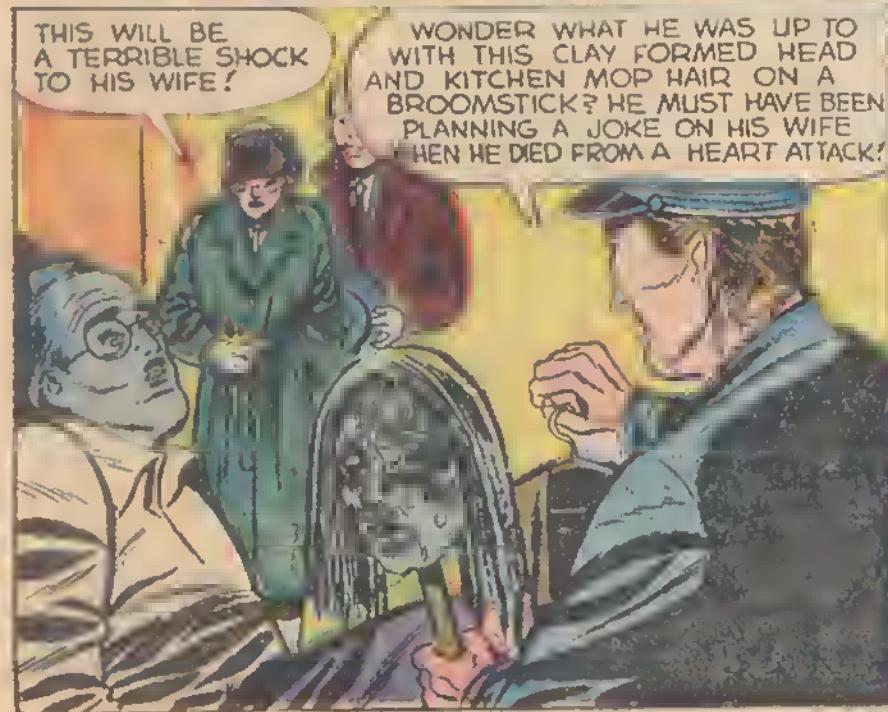
LAWBREAKERS



OH, THAT'S FINE. THE POOR GIRL SHOULD ENJOY HERSELF A LITTLE, WHILE SHE'S STILL YOUNG.



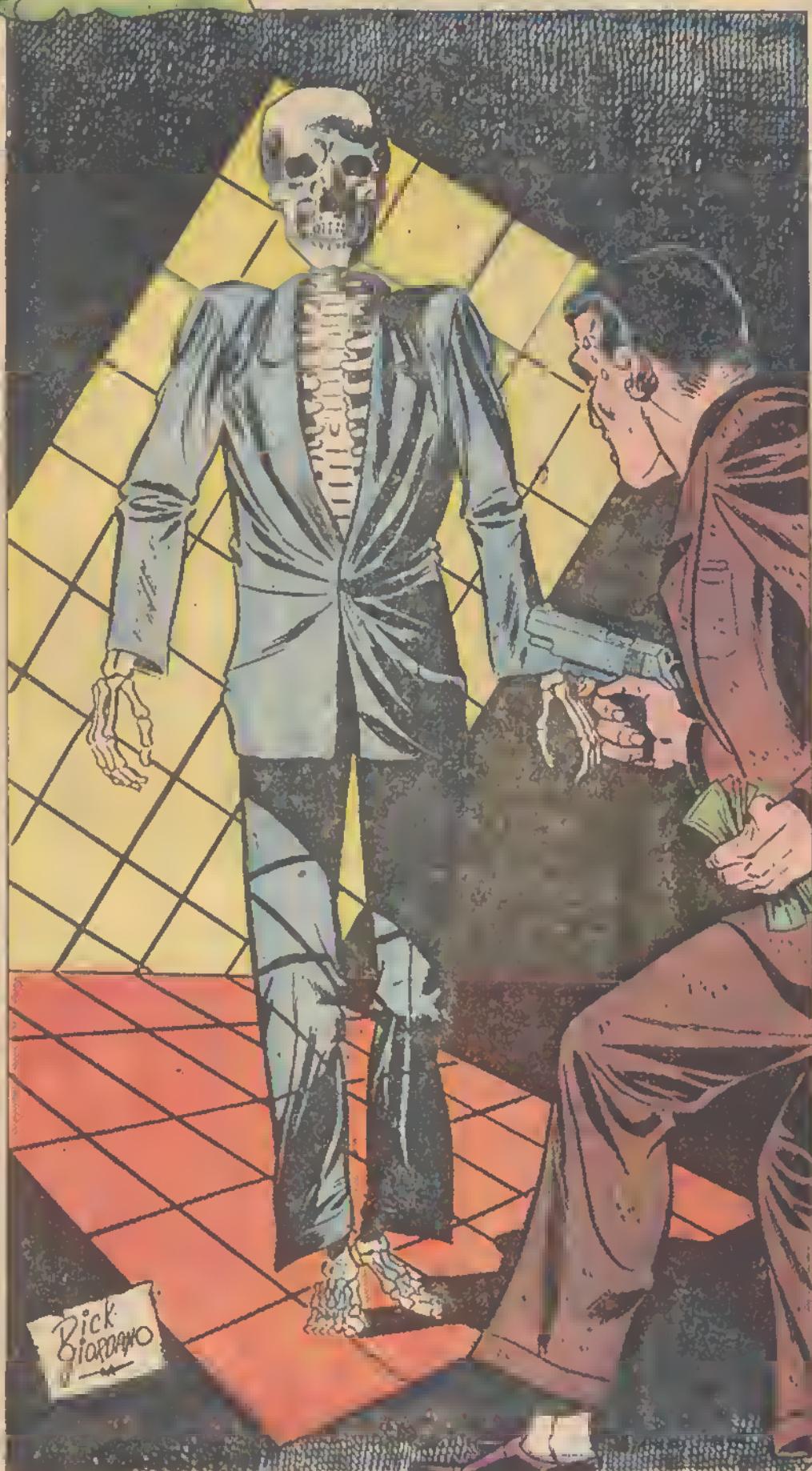
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

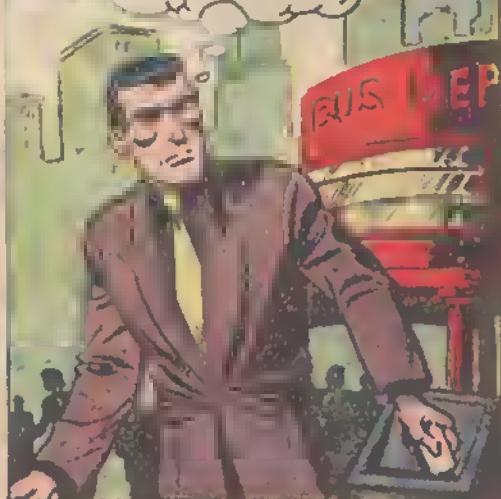
HE WAS A STRANGER TO TOWN... AND HE USED A GLEAMING .45 AS HIS MACABRE CALLING-CARD. A FISTFUL OF QUICK DOUGH WAS WHAT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR, BUT WHAT HE FOUND WAS THAT...

DEATH WEARS A BRIGHT BLUE SUIT!



WHEN THE 4:30 BUS PULLED INTO THE DOWNTOWN DEPOT THAT AFTERNOON, THERE WERE 36 PASSENGERS ON BOARD. ONE OF THEM WAS A STRANGER WHO SLIPPED AWAY UNNOTICED...

NOT ONE OF THEM EVEN LOOKED AT ME! I DITCH THIS TICKET AND NO ONE CAN PROVE I WAS EVEN HERE...



LAWBREAKERS

I KNOCK OVER THIS JOINT, THEN HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF TOWN... AND THEY'LL THINK A GHOST PULLED THE JOB! NOT ONE OF THESE CRUMBS'LL EVER REMEMBER SEEING ME!

DON'T LET OUT A YIP... THIS IS A STICK-UP! GET OVER TO THAT REGISTER AND EMPTY IT.. **FAST!**

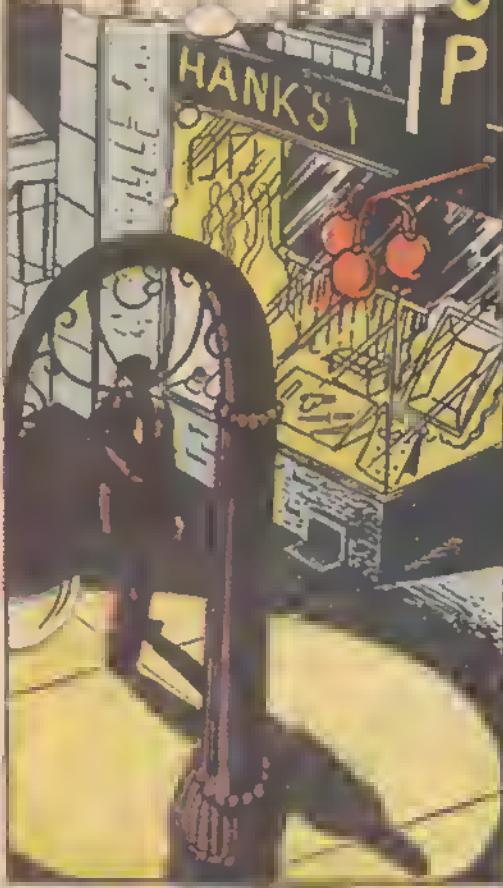
W-WHAT? S-SURE...



LAWBREAKERS

FOR AN HOUR THE STRANGER SWITCHED FROM ONE TAXI TO ANOTHER, CRISS-CROSSING CRAZILY BACK AND FORTH ACROSS TOWN. FINALLY...

NOT ONE OF THEM HACKIES SAW MY FACE. NOW, IF I CAN JUST HOLE UP FOR THE NIGHT...



YOU LOOK TO ME LIKE A SIZE 38. NOW LET'S SEE... HMM... HERE'S A NICE GARMENT...



THIS SHOULD FIT... ONLY THERE'S ONE TROUBLE WITH IT. I SHOULD TELL YOU...



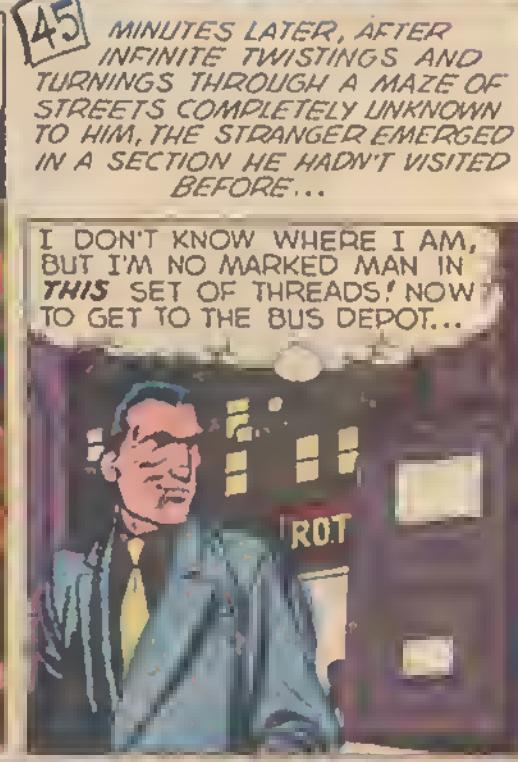
GIVE IT HERE! THERE'S YOUR DOUGH ON THE COUNTER!

ABOUT THE SUIT, MISTER... I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...



LAWBREAKERS

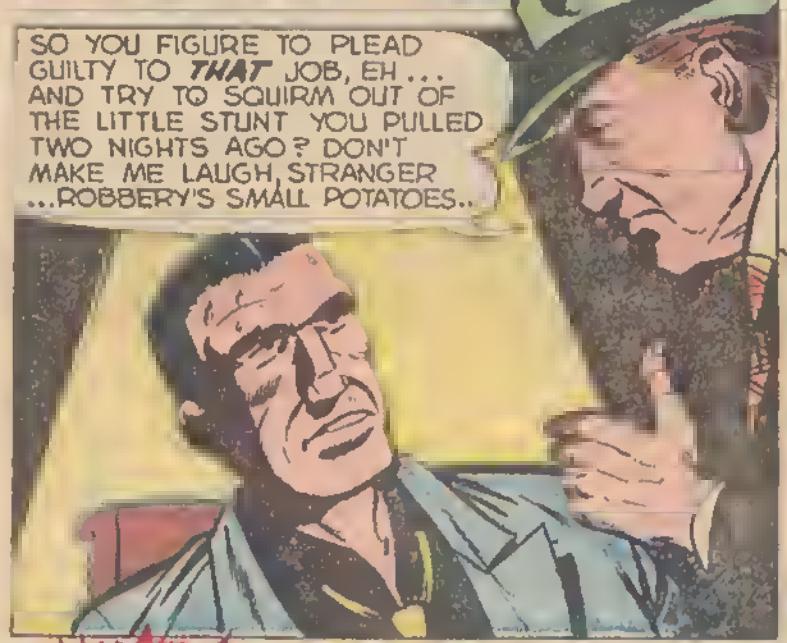
WITHOUT WAITING TO HEAR WHAT THE PAWNSHOP OWNER HAD TO SAY, THE STRANGER HURRIED AWAY THROUGH STREETS HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. AT LAST HE SAW WHAT HE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR...



I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, BUT I'M NO MARKED MAN IN THIS SET OF THREADS! NOW TO GET TO THE BUS DEPOT...



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

BUT THIS ISN'T *MY* SUIT! I BOUGHT IT IN A PAWNSHOP TONIGHT, THEN I BURNT MY OWN! Y-YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME...

WHERE'S THIS PAWNSHOP LOCATED, EH? AND EXACTLY WHERE'D YOU DO THE BURNING?

I-I DON'T KNOW. TO-NIGHT'S THE FIRST TIME I WAS EVER IN THIS TOWN... AND IN THE DARK ALL THE STREETS LOOKED ALIKE TO ME!

THAT'S THE PHONIEST ALIBI I EVER HEARD, MISTER. AND SO'S YOUR STORY THAT NO ONE COULD TESTIFY YOU ARRIVED ON THE 4:30 BUS BECAUSE YOU **WANTED** IT THAT WAY. LOCK HIM UP, BOYS!



W-WAIT! THE BARTENDER... HE SAW ME! HE'LL REMEMBER I WAS WEARING A DIFFERENT SUIT... A BROWN ONE WITH A RIPPED SLEEVE! ASK HIM...

ASK OLD FREDDY OF THE DEPOT BAR TO IDENTIFY YOU, EH? I SUPPOSE YOU'LL CLAIM NEXT THAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS **BLIND**!

THE STRANGER WAS DRAGGED AWAY AND BOOKED FOR MURDER. AND THROUGH THE LONG NIGHTS, AS THE DATE OF HIS ELECTROCUTION NEARS, HE CONTINUES HIS MAD CHANT...



LAWBREAKERS

WITH THE DATE OF HIS EXECUTION JUST ONE MONTH AWAY, SAM THOMAS RESOLVED TO GAMBLE HIS LIFE ON A...

WORKING FEVERISHLY EVERY NIGHT, DESPERATE SAM THOMAS SLOWLY INCHEO HIS WAY FOWARD....

BREAKOUT!

THIS SHOVEL AND CROWBAR THE BOYS SMUGGLED INTO MY CELL ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED! WORKING AT NIGHTS, LIKE THIS, I MAY BE ABLE TO TUNNEL MYSELF OUTTA "DEATH ROW!!"

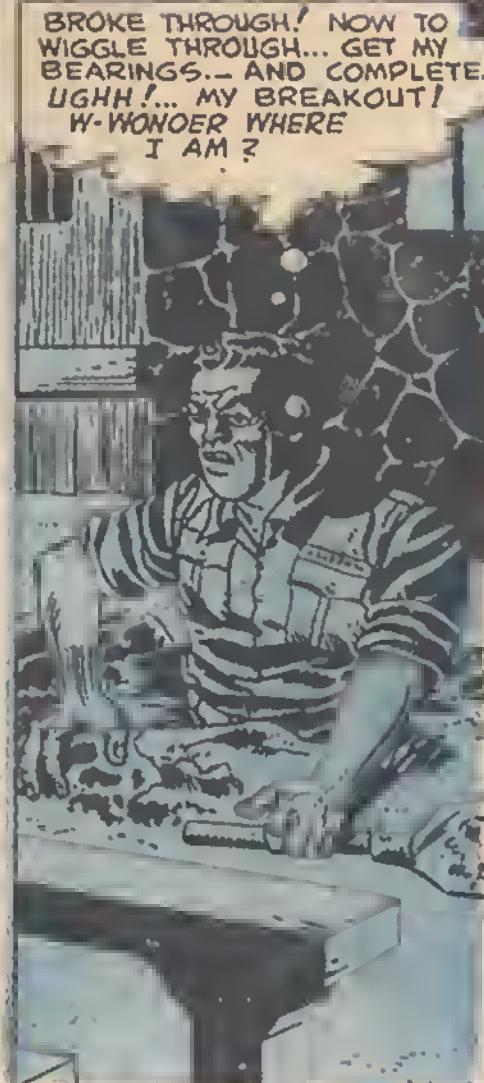
TWO WEEKS I'VE BEEN WORKING MY FINGERS TO THE NUB...AND THEY AINT GOT WISE YET! THAT JACKET OF MINE OVER THE HOLE IN MY CELL, DURING THE DAY, SURE HAS FOOLED THE GUARDS! GOTTA... KEEP.. GOING...



THE DAYS CONTINUED TO TICK BY, AND THEN...

ONLY TWO DAYS TO GO 'TIL MY TIME RUNS OUT! IT'S GOTTA BE NOW... UGHH! OR NEVER! ONCE I CRACK MY WAY THROUGH THIS STUFF!

BROKE THROUGH! NOW TO WIGGLE THROUGH... GET MY BEARINGS... AND COMPLETE. UGHH!... MY BREAKOUT! H-WOONER WHERE I AM?



N-NO... IT CAN'T BE! A- ALL THAT BACK-BREAKING WORK TO WIND UP WHERE THEY WANTED TO SEND ME ANYWAY... THE DEATH CHAMBER!





THE GHOST OF JUSTICE

All eyes in the room were focused on the big electric clock which hung on the wall. The second hand was going around and ticking out the life of a man. Suddenly the telephone bell rang and Big Bob Daly, boss of the mob, answered. He listened attentively and then made but one remark.

"Fine."

He then turned to the rest of the men in that room and spake what they all wanted to hear.

"Frank Kassel was electrocuted at 10:05. The doctor pronounced him dead. Now we can organize the territory on the other side of the river. If they don't take our slot machines, then we'll blast them to pieces."

All the men left the room except Jim Gunter, Big Bob's lieutenant. Jim spoke what was on his mind.

"Did we have to frame Frank? Why couldn't you let me rub him out? I always felt he was a copper who joined us to get the goods on you."

"This electrocution proves he wasn't a copper," replied Big Bob. "When Frank joined our mob he was recommended by Lou Simpers, who said Frank worked for him in Cleveland. I sort of got suspicious when we spotted Frank nasing around my desk. So we framed him for the killing of that storekeeper on Pine Street. I figured if Frank was a copper they would have to come out with it at the trial."

The electric light blinked twice. That was the signal that a message was coming in on the private phone. It also meant that Jim had to get out the office. It wasn't a secret that somewhere in town there was a "Big Bass"

who really gave the orders to the mob. The "Big Bass" always knew what was going to happen and was someone high in politics. Big Bob spoke softly on the phone while Jim hung around outside in the corridor. Suddenly Jim looked up and saw what had to be a ghost.

"Frank," he managed to get past his lips. "You were just put away in the hot seat. What kind of a trick is this?" And then recovering his senses, he went for the special gun he carried in the shoulder holster. It was equipped with a silencer. He got his finger on the trigger but Frank grabbed him in a powerful embrace that felt like the jaws of a steel vise.

"Take your finger off that trigger or you'll kill yourself," said the small man who should have been dead. But the suggestion came a fraction of a second too late. There was a dull click and a body dropped to the floor. Then a stream of blood began to trickle over his clothing. Jim's eyes were still open but his heart no longer was beating. And there was fear written all over his face. Frank opened the door to the room and saw Big Bob replace the telephone.

"Still taking orders from the Big Boss, eh?" said Frank in a voice that sounded unearthly. "He just told you not to worry. I was dead and couldn't be a copper. Now you can move in on Steve's territory. Wipe out his boys if Steve refuses to play ball with you."

Big Bob blinked twice to make certain he wasn't looking at an illusion or a ghost. He was convinced that he was speaking to a real live person. He looked through the door as though to try to find Jim.

"Jim is dead if you happen to be looking for him," said Frank. "And don't try to operate that little trick gun you have in your sleeve or you'll be committing suicide."

It took but a slight shift to get that .40 derringer into position and a bullet left the barrel. There was a metal paper weight on

the cask in front of Fronk. The bullet hit the metal and rebounded, striking Big Bob on the forehead. A trickle of blood ran down his face as the gang leader died.

Walter Simpson, head of the Federal Crime Bureau wasn't exactly a happy man as he sat in his special car with his assistant Burt Horton.

"I have a funny feeling something has gone wrong with our plans. Fronk left the prison through the back entrance and drove away in his car at 10:15. If anything should happen to him now that we have gone so far I would feel terrible."

"All this was Fronk's idea from the start," pointed out Agent Burt Horton. "He said it was well worth the gamble with his life if he could get the goods on this vicious gang that is threatening to become all powerful not only in this state but across the entire country. So you played along with his idea. He posed as a gangster. When they framed him for a murder he said it was a natural. Make out he would be electrocuted and he could come back as a ghost."

"Fronk said he would contact us as soon as he visited the gang leaders. We aren't to move a muscle until we hear from him," replied Walter Simpson. "Call it intuition or whatever you want. There's just a funny feeling running down my spine that this case is going to have a different ending than we anticipated."

From the outside, Corriger's Garage looked no different than the other five garages on Main Street. But behind the mask of respectability it contained the meeting place of the members of the gang. Just now Emile Fremer was seated around a table with the other five hoods, playing poker. Actually the room was part of the large service elevator which moved up and down and thus brought the men to their secret meeting place on the top floor.

"Something's up," announced Emile to the others. "I tried calling the boss when I went out but no luck. When we finish, I'll run over and see him. I know he has some work cut out for us."

When he finished speaking he looked again at the cards in his hand. He was about to draw two cards when he noticed another person next to the table.

"Fronk," he gulped. "It can't be... why you are dead."

"Just continue playing and keep your hands on the table," ordered Fronk. "I see three shoulder holsters and the rest of you carry your guns in your hip pockets. Of course I am dead. Just come back from beyond the grave to wipe you all out. I don't

mean I will kill you. You will all kill yourselves."

"He's no ghost," shouted Emile to the others. "Let's finish him off. This is some kind of a trick. Ten to one he really was a copper."

In his anxiety to get up, Emile collided with one of the other men. The table went over and hit the elevator switch. There was darkness and the elevator started to descend quickly. The cable snapped and the elevator and all its occupants plunged to the pit below. Then the roof housing which held the elevator machinery tumbled down into the pit. There were a few moments and then silence as death claimed all of the men.

His Honor, Mayor Bernard Bigler looked down to the street and realized how small people can look. Especially when you had the penthouse on the twenty-seventh floor of the Majestic Apartments.

"Like ants they crawl on their way," he said half aloud. And then a voice gave him a start.

"Like ants you have treated them. Stepped on them and killed them when it suited your purpose. You are the brains behind the gang. But they are all dead. Only you are alive."

His Honor looked at the man who had entered his apartment. There was no way getting past the two guards who were stationed outside.

"You are Fronk Kessel," gosped the Mayor. "You died in the electric chair according to the radio broadcast. But if you are here then it is quite evident you aren't dead. I'll call the police and tell them to come here at once and arrest you."

"It is you who should be arrested. I notice on your table you have some papers that would send you to prison for the rest of your life."

The mayor backed up slowly to the wall and lifted his hand high above his head. There were two old civil war swords on hooks. He wanted to grab one and slash Fronk. As he touched one, the other fell and went right through his neck. He fell to the floor and soon was dead.

Walter Simpson heard the report from one of his men that every one in the Dolly gang had been found dead. And now it was known that the dead mayor had been the brains behind the gang.

"It must have been poor Fronk and yet it couldn't have been."

"Ten minutes after he left the prison in his car he stopped for a traffic light and his heart quit. One of those heart attacks you never expect!"

THE END

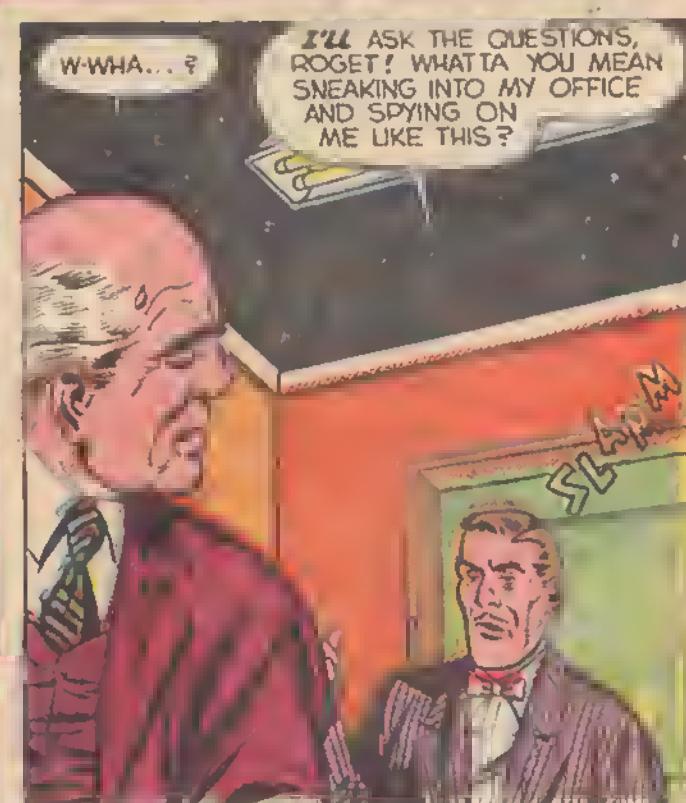
LAWBREAKERS

MARTIN ROGET'S DILEMMA, DEAR READER, SHOULD GIVE YOU MUCH FOOD FOR THOUGHT, FOR POOR MARTIN REFUSED TO STOMACH HIS PARTNER'S UNPALATABLE BUSINESS PRACTICES, AND THAT LED TO...

MURDER ON RYE



THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ACCORDING TO THESE BOOKS.. HENRY BULLER'S BEEN CHEATING ME FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS!



LAWBREAKERS

DON'T TRY TO BLUFF ME, BULLER! I'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS.. AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'VE BEEN TAMPERING WITH THESE ACCOUNT BOOKS AND...

DON'T GET SANCTIMONIOUS, ROGET! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN A GILDED LILY, EITHER! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WHISPER TO THE POLICE...



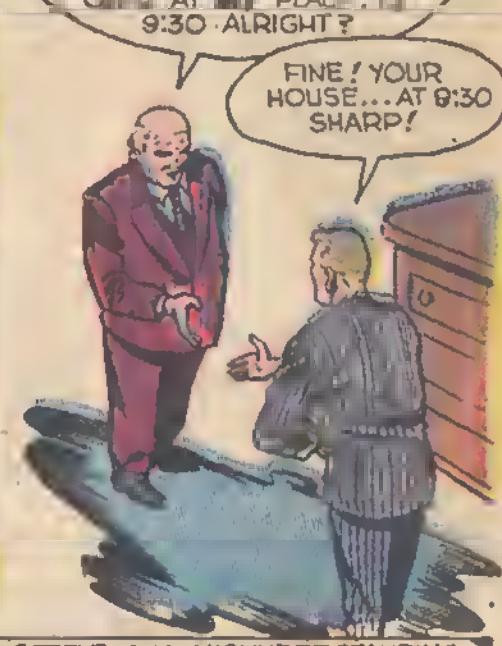
...ABOUT THE PART YOU PLAYED IN THAT LITTLE ACME STOCK SWINDLE? WHAT'S THE MATTER ... DID I HIT HOME THAT TIME?

I...ER... I'M SURE WE CAN STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING IN AN AMICABLE WAY, H-HENRY.

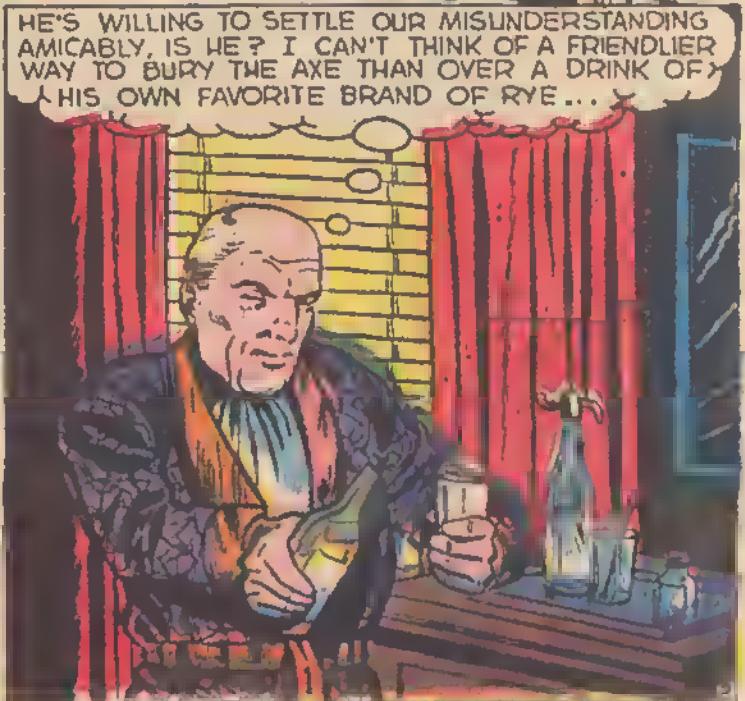
YOU FORGET MY CRIMES... AND I FORGET YOURS, EH?

Y-YES... THAT ARRANGEMENT MIGHT BE BEST FOR ALL CONCERNED. I'D LIKE TO SEAL OUR BARGAIN WITH A HAND-SHAKE... AND PERHAPS WE CAN TALK THE WHOLE THING OVER AT MY PLACE AT 9:30. ALRIGHT?

FINE! YOUR HOUSE... AT 9:30 SHARP!



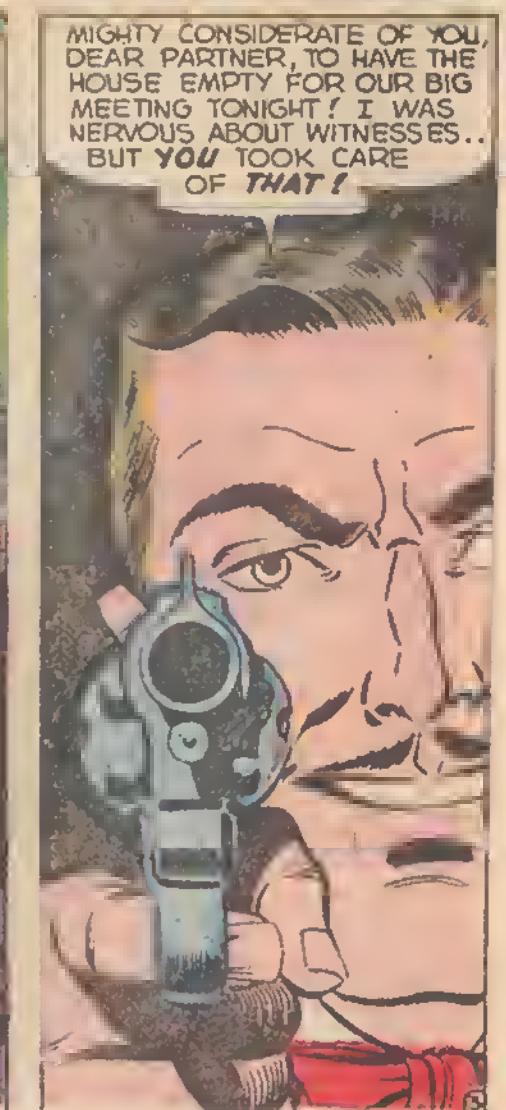
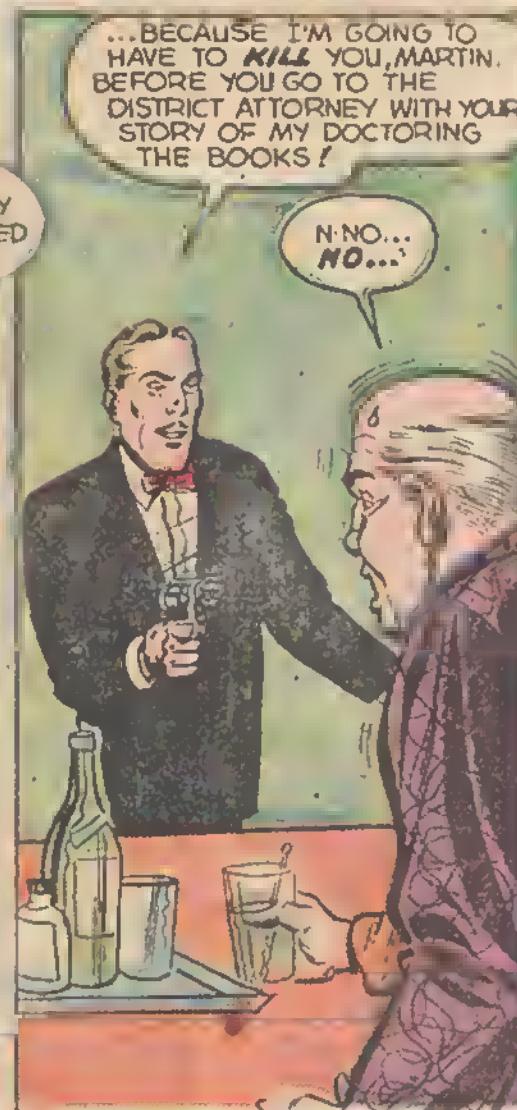
At a few minutes before the appointed hour that night, the nervous host made his last minute preparations...



I DON'T KNOW HOW BULLER EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT ACME STOCK AFFAIR.. BUT HE WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER TO BLAB ABOUT IT!

HE'S WILLING TO SETTLE OUR MISUNDERSTANDING AMICABLY, IS HE? I CAN'T THINK OF A FRIENDLIER WAY TO BURY THE AXE THAN OVER A DRINK OF HIS OWN FAVORITE BRAND OF RYE...

LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

DON'T MAKE A RUN FOR THE DOOR, ROGET... STEEL TRAVELS FASTER THAN YOUR MISERABLE LEGS!

BLAM!

AGHHH!

YOU'LL NEVER TALK **NOW** FOOL! BEFORE I LEAVE, I THINK I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR HOSPITALITY... AND HAVE THAT DRINK YOU OFFERED!

MY FAVORITE RYE... I THINK YOU CALLED IT... TO GET THE CHILL OFF MY BONES! A TOAST TO YOU, ROGET... FOR YOUR GOOD TASTE IN LIQUOR!

DELICIOUS! SINCE YOU WON'T BE JOINING ME, ROGET, I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE OTH...WHAT'S THIS?

GOOD LORD...
WHAT DID I DRINK?



WHAT DID HENRY BULLIER DRINK? WAS IT THE GLASS HIS PARTNER PLANNED FOR HIMSELF... OR WAS IT THE ONE FILLED WITH DEADLY YOU-KNOW-WHAT? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE STORY'S ENDING TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES." THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT... AND \$10 IN CASH!

LAWBREAKERS

DEAR READERS... WE WERE SWAMPED BY HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO OUR FOUR PAGE QUIZ, "D" AS IN DEATH... IN OUR LAST ISSUE OF LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE. WE REGRET THAT WE WERE NOT ABLE TO USE MORE OF YOUR ANSWERS, BECAUSE MANY OF THEM WERE NEAR HITS. WE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO LIST SOME OF YOUR VERY GOOD ANSWERS BUT SPACE DOES NOT PERMIT. HOWEVER WE'VE COME UP WITH THE WINNER'S ANSWER TO "D" AS IN DEATH. ILLUSTRATED HERE AND THE WINNER IS PAUL WHITMORE 355 EDDY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA.

THANKS PAUL AND PRIZE OF \$10 IS ON IT'S WAY TO YOU. EDITOR.

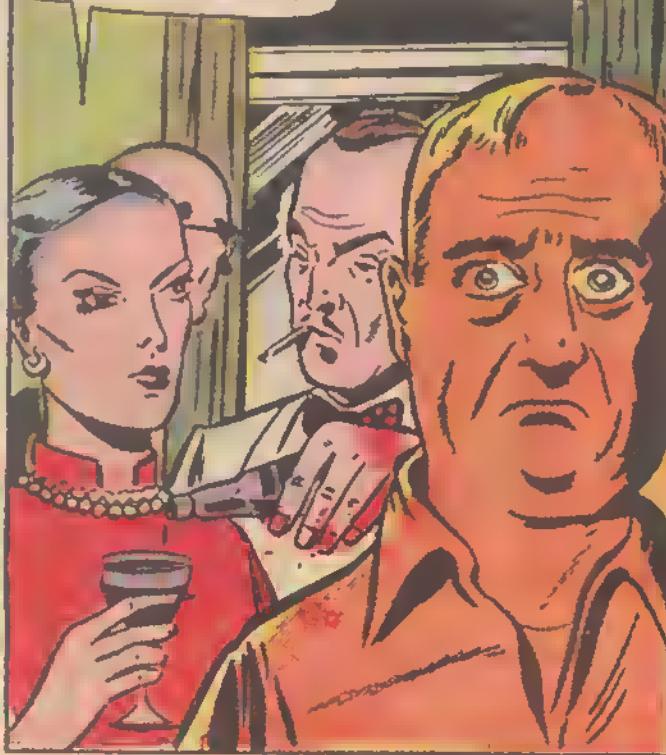
ANSWER TO "D" AS IN DEATH

SYNOPSIS

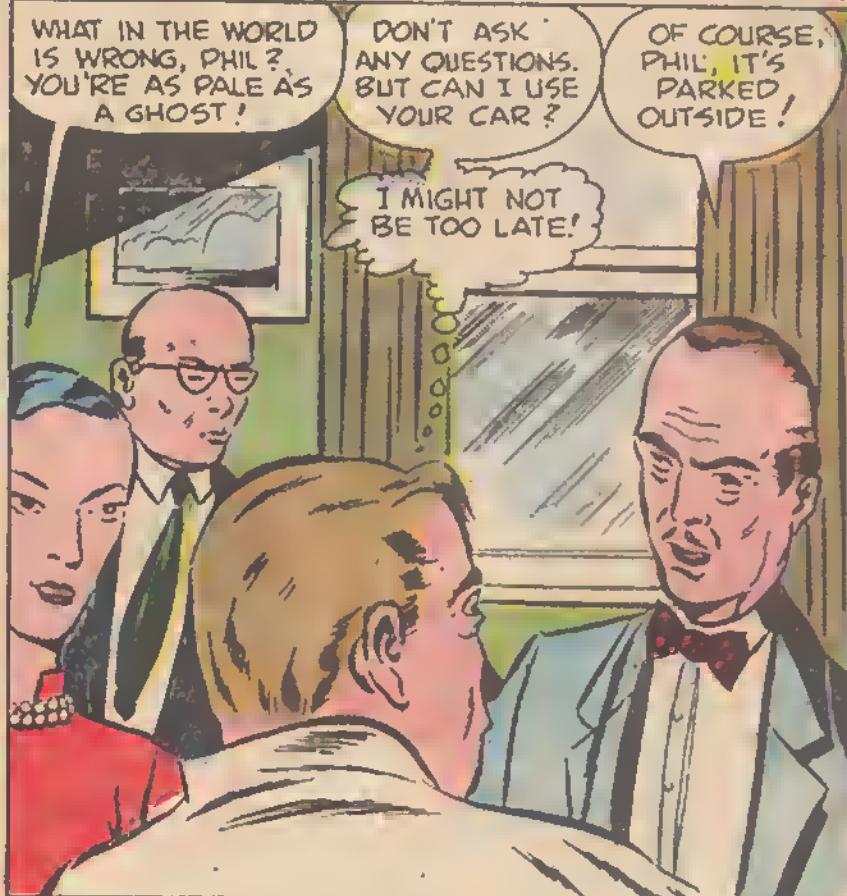
PHIL ROSS... OVERHEARD LARRY, HIS BEST FRIEND, AND HIS (PHIL'S) WIFE, SANDRA MAKING PLANS, FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HIS OWN UNTIMELY END... THE SCENE OPENS, AS PHIL HAS PUNCTURED THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE LINES, AND CUT THE EMERGENCY BRAKE CABLE, ON LARRY'S CAR. THEY'LL NEVER MAKE DEAD MAN'S TURN, PHIL THOUGHT WITH DEMONIAC GLEE. THE BELL RANG, AND PHIL ANSWERED THE DOOR, TO FIND VISITORS INQUIRING FOR LARRY AND SANDRA.... NOW ON WITH THE STORY...



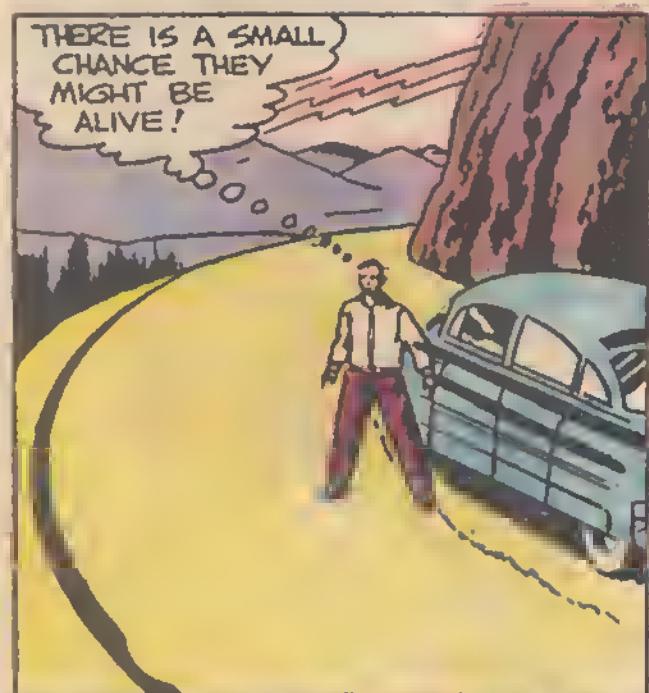
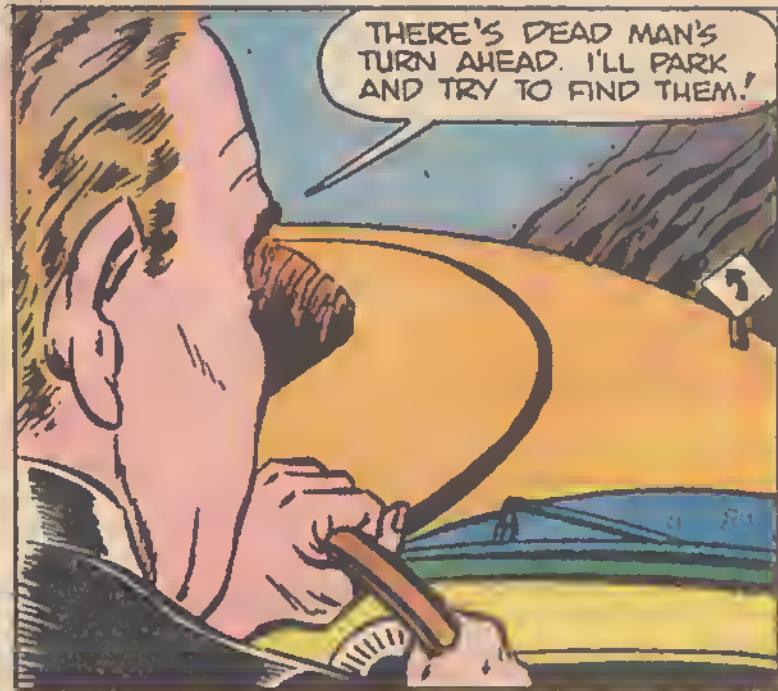
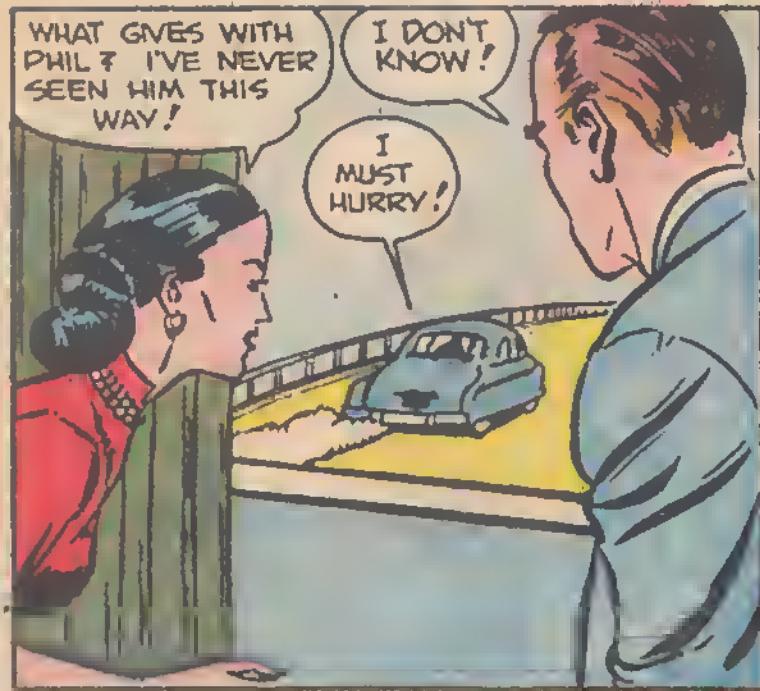
OH, GOOD! THEY'LL BE BACK SOON THEN. THEY PROBABLY WENT TO TAKE SANDRA'S AND YOUR LUGGAGE TO THE AIRPORT. LARRY BEING YOUR BEST FRIEND DECIDED TO TREAT YOU BOTH TO A SECOND HONEYMOON AND GOING AWAY PARTY FOR YOUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT!



PHIL GASPED... IT COULDN'T BE... HE... HEARD... THEM... NO I MUST BE DREAMING... MAYBE THEY'RE NOT DEAD... I HAVE TO SEE (S-AS-IN-SURPRISE, PHIL)



LAWBREAKERS



MEANTIME... WHAT IS THIS? LARRY AND SANDRA? YES DEAR READERS "RATE" IS A FICKLE MISTRESS! THE CONDITION OF THE BRAKES WAS DISCOVERED WHEN LARRY RAN INTO THE REAR OF A TRUCK. ONLY AN (M AS IN MINOR ACCIDENT.) WE PICK THEM UP COMING INTO DEAD MAN'S TURN!



LAWBREAKERS

IT WAS A PERFECT SETUP FOR BILL BRANNAN, BLACKSHEEP OF A ONCE WELL-TO-DO FAMILY. HE COULD INDULGE IN HIS PENT-UP DESIRE... AND AT THE SAME TIME MAKE MONEY! IT WAS PERFECT, THAT IS, UNTIL HE HAD HIS...

TRAIL BY FIRE

BY

LOOK AT THE FLAMES, CLAYTON... THIS I'M GOING TO ENJOY!

THE BUILDING'S GOING TO FALL... THOSE POOR KIDS ARE TRAPPED!

GIORDANO TRAPANI

IT'S THE FIRE I LIKE TO SEE, MAXWELL - AND DON'T YOU START GETTING HIGH AND MIGHTY... YOU WERE THE ONE WHO BUILT THE BUILDING.. AND I KNOW WHAT KIND OF MATERIALS YOU USED!

LAWBREAKERS

SHUT UP, BILL! MAYBE I DID CUT A FEW CORNERS ON CONSTRUCTION COSTS, BUT I DIDN'T PLAN THIS! AS FOR YOU, YOU TAKE SUCH A FIENDISH DELIGHT IN WATCHING FIRES...

THAT'S **MY** BUSINESS. IT GIVES ME A KICK.. AND SO FAR IT ALSO PAYS MY LIVING EXPENSES. NOW LET'S GET TO THE RESTAURANT AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'VE COOKED UP!

CLAYTON, FEARFUL OF BRANNAN AND HIS KNOWLEDGE, YET STRANGELY ATTRACTED, WAS MORE THAN WILLING TO LISTEN TO REASON...

I CURSE THE DAY YOU EVER FOUND OUT HOW I OPERATE! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN THIS TIME?

SIMPLE, I'M GOING TO **MIX** BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE! YOU OWN THE WAREHOUSE ON DELANEY STREET, RIGHT? WELL, JUST MAKE SURE IT'S INSURED FOR TWENTY THOUSAND, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

FIFTY PERCENT FOR YOU.. AND YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR. BETTER DO AS I SAY OR THE BUILDING BOARD WILL LEARN A FEW INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR CONSTRUCTION COMPANY!

CLAYTON DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, AND A FEW WEEKS LATER FOUND BILL BRANNAN HARD AT 'WORK'...

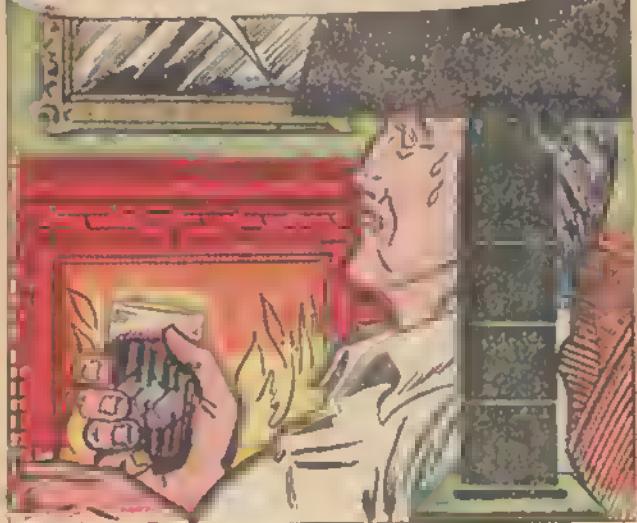
BLAZE THIS'LL MAKE! THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

IT WAS A BEAUTY, ALL RIGHT. NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY, AND AS BILL WATCHED, HE HAD VISIONS OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS SOON TO COME!

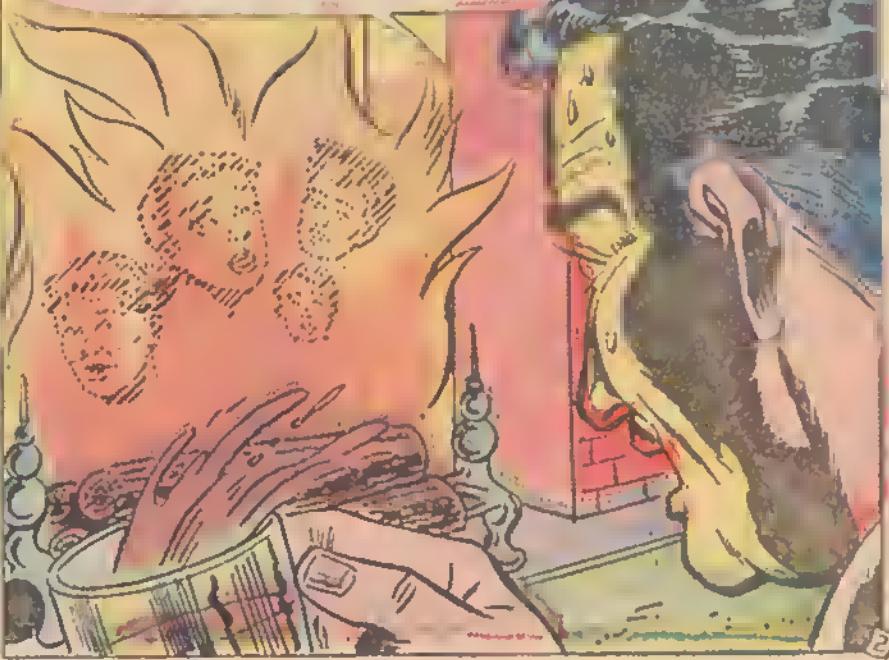


BUT FOR CLAYTON MAXWELL, OTHER NOT-SO-PLEASANT VISIONS FILLED HIS MIND!

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE KIDS IN THE SCHOOL! SUPPOSE BRANNAN STARTED THAT FIRE, JUST FOR FUN! WHAT'S THAT...

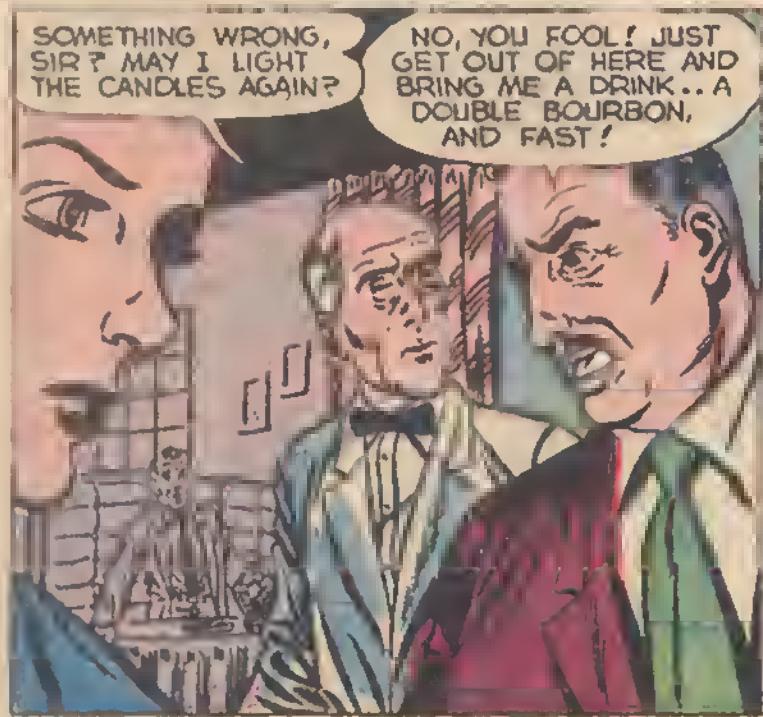
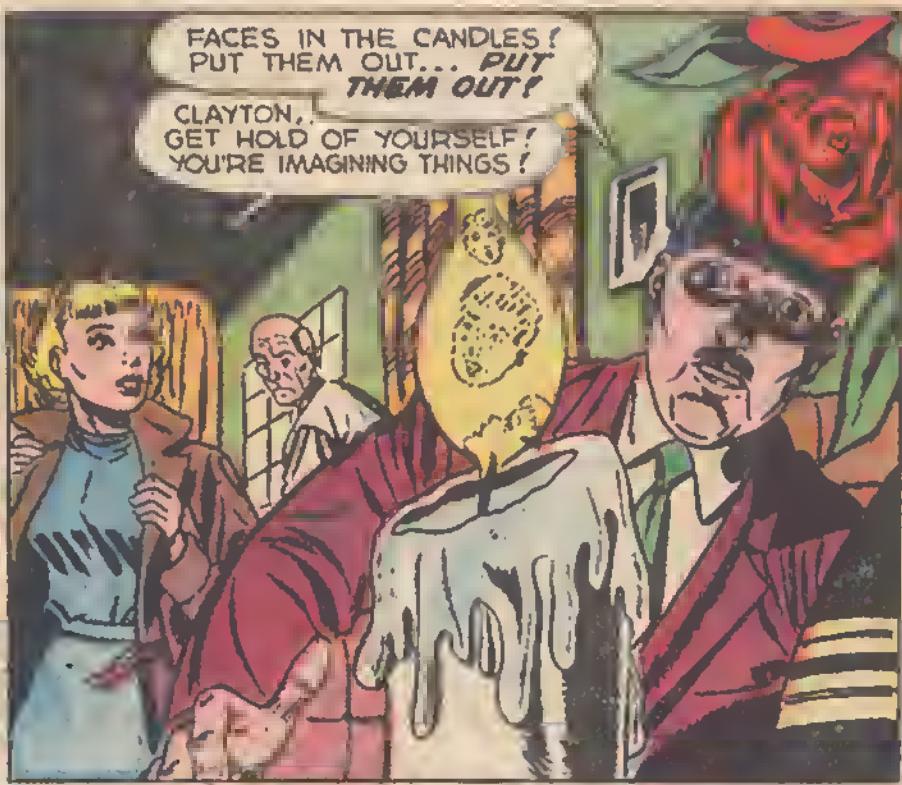
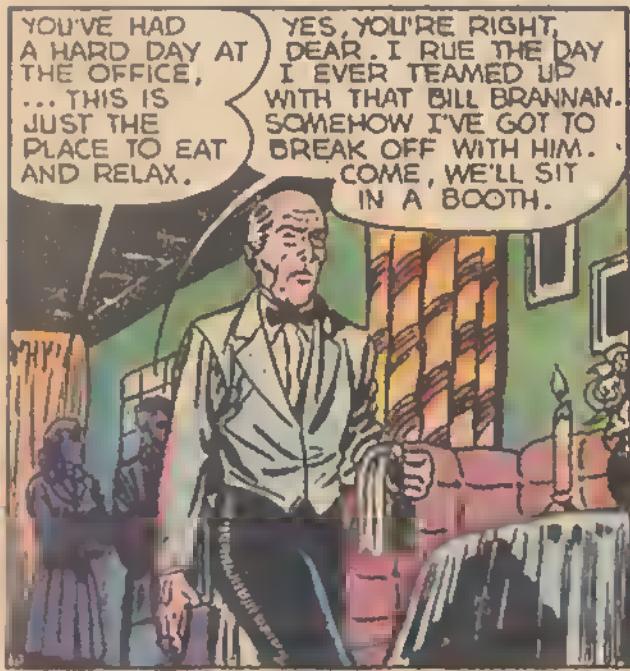


FACES IN THE FIRE! NO, IT CAN'T BE! I MUST HAVE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK!

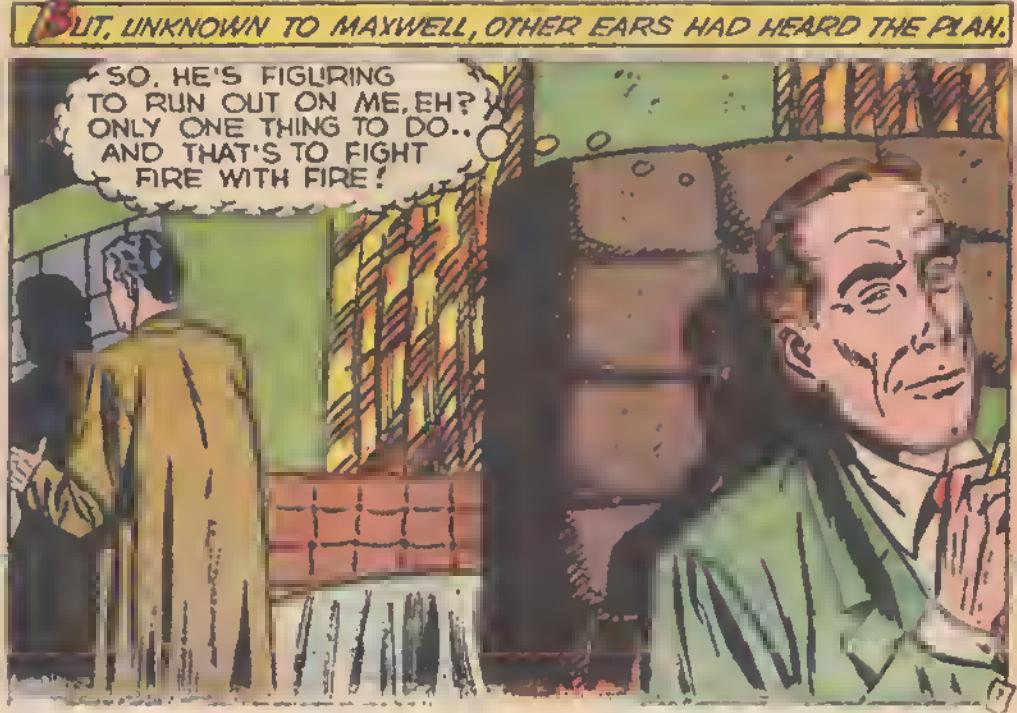


LAWBREAKERS

BUT ALCOHOL DIDN'T HELP! TERRIFIED, MAXWELL TURNED TO MARY NELLIS FOR ADVICE...



YES, WHY NOT! WE CAN CROSS THE BORDER AND HE'LL NEVER FIND US. GO TO YOUR APARTMENT AND I'LL PICK YOU UP LATER!



LAWBREAKERS

LATER, IN MAXWELL'S APARTMENT.

TWENTY THOUSAND, THAT'LL HOLD US FOR A WHILE! ABOUT TIME I LEFT, ANYWAY. SOME OF THOSE JOBS I CHEATED ON WERE BOUND TO CATCH UP WITH ME!



AND MINUTES LATER, WHEN MAXWELL'S BRAIN CLEARED...



AND SO CLAYTON MAXWELL DIED AT THE HANDS OF A MASTER ARSONIST.. AND BEFORE BILL BRANNAN LAY A FUTURE BRIGHT WITH MONEY, AND FAME OF A SORT!

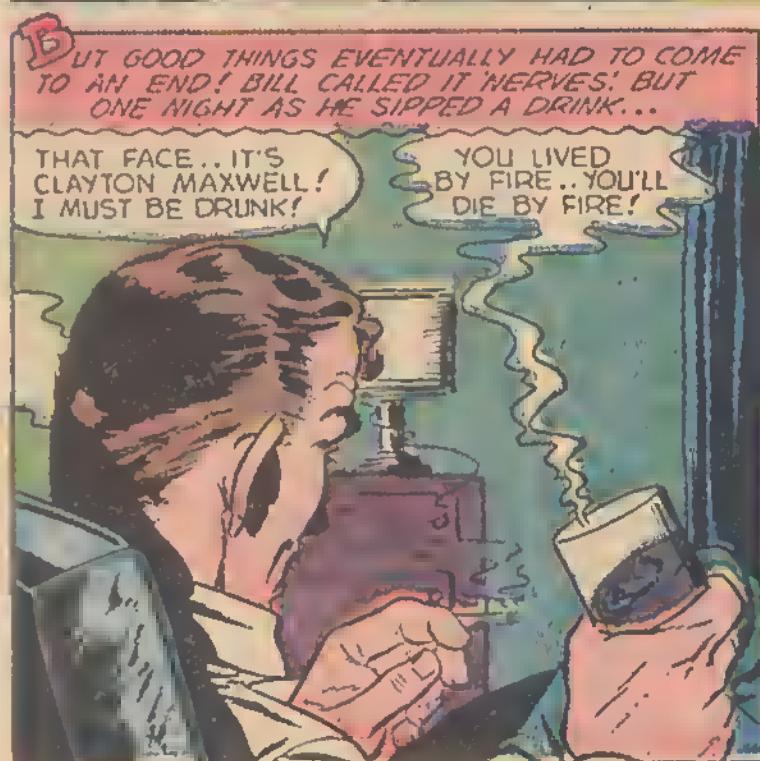
LAWBREAKERS

THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE PICKED UP BILL AND TOOK HIM TO HEAD-QUARTERS FOR QUESTION-ING...



BRANNAN WASN'T KIDDING! ALL OVER THE CITY THE FLAMES STARTED SPURTING, AND SOMEHOW BRANNAN WAS NEVER CAUGHT. A FEW OF THE FIRES WERE JUST FOR FUN AND KICKS...

WHILE OTHERS WERE FOR MONEY, FOR INSTANCE, A FIRE OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN BROKE OUT IN THE BERRIN CHEMICAL PLANT, BUT IT WASN'T SO MYSTERIOUS TO BILL OR THE OWNER. THEY SHARED THE FIFTY THOUSAND IN INSURANCE!

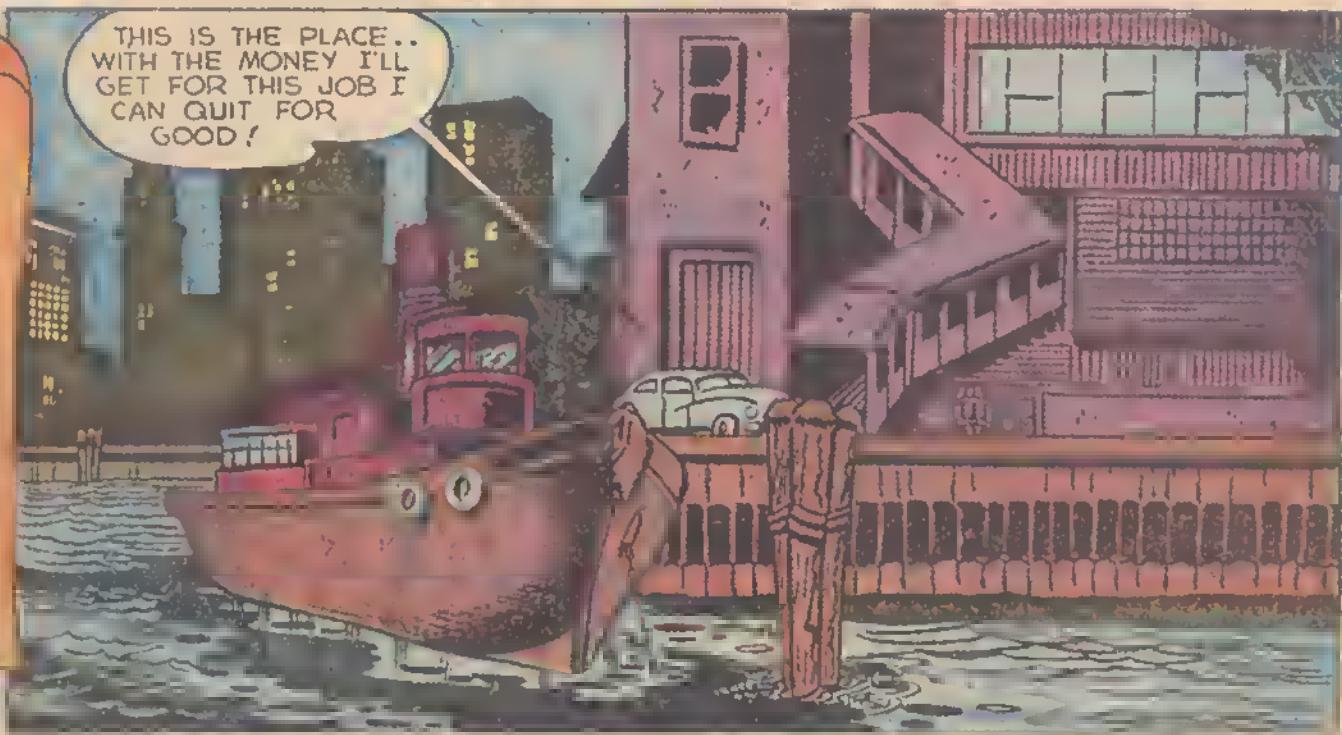


BILL DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT HIS SPREE IN CRIME WAS ALMOST OVER.. IT WAS TIME FOR HIS TRIAL BY FIRE!

LAWBREAKERS

ONE LAST JOB! THAT NIGHT BILL BRANNAN DROVE DOWN TO THE DARKENED WATERFRONT, BUT HE WAS STILL UNABLE TO QUIET THE BUTTERFLIES IN HIS STOMACH...

THIS IS THE PLACE... WITH THE MONEY I'LL GET FOR THIS JOB I CAN QUIT FOR GOOD!



IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO GET INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE WITH THE KEY THE OWNER HAD GIVEN HIM... AND BILL WAS ONCE AGAIN AT 'WORK'...

I'LL HAVE CLOSE TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND... WITH THAT KIND OF MONEY I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! FUNNY, THOUGH, I KEEP THINKING I HEAR CLAYTON MAXWELL'S VOICE!

IT IS MAX! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!



THE FIRE ESCAPE... THAT'S IT! GOT TO GET OUT WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! I'M NOT GOING TO LET MAX MAKE ME FLUB THIS CHANCE!



WHAT'S THAT? A SIREN! MAYBE THE POLICE GOT A TIP ON ME! BUT THEY'LL COME UP THE FRONT WAY... AND I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY FROM THE REAR!

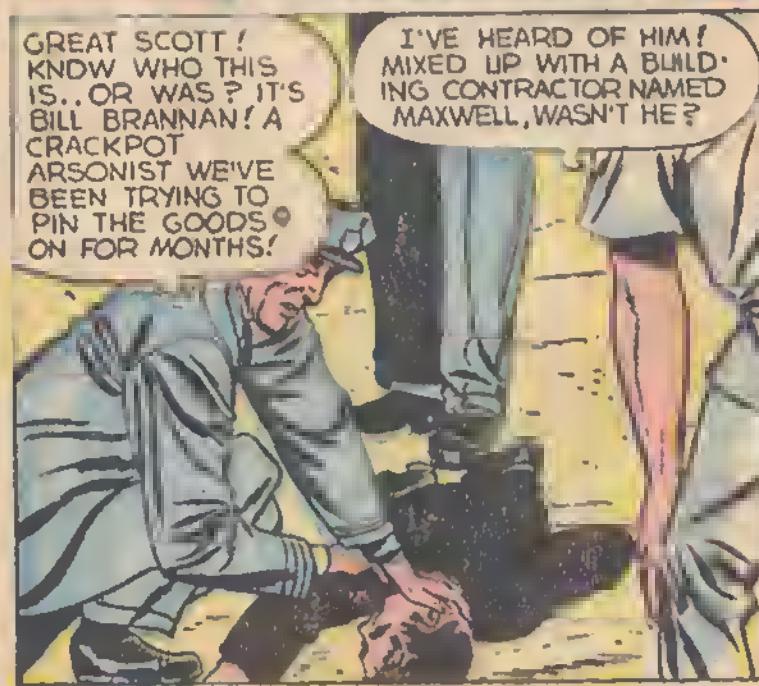
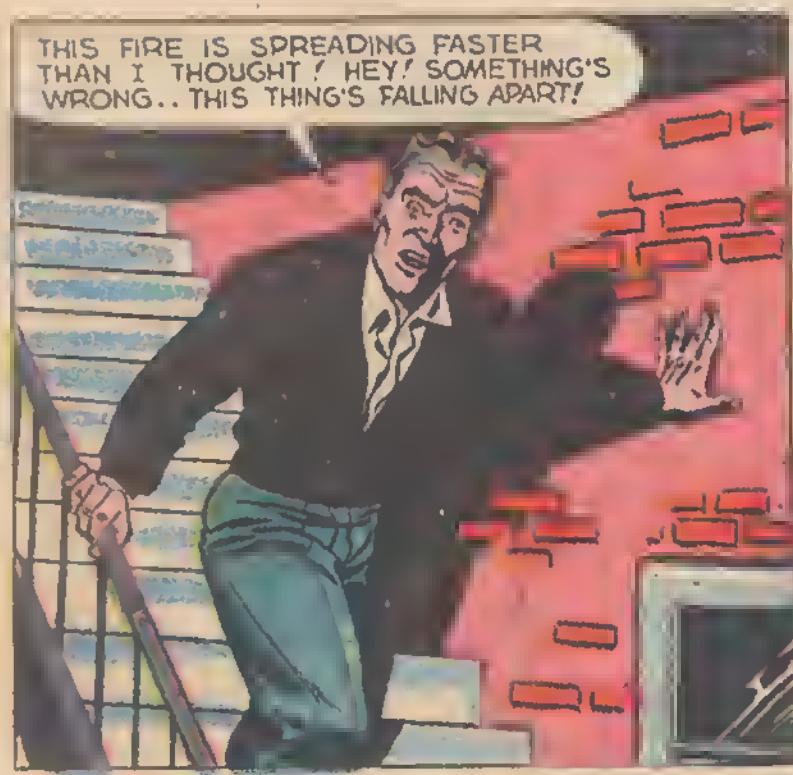
WHOOOEEEEE

BILL BRANNAN RAN TO THE RICKETY FIRE ESCAPE AS THE FLAMES SPREAD, SURE THAT HIS ONE LAST JOB WAS IN THE BAG...

I MUST BE WACKY! I STILL KEEP HEARING MAX'S VOICE... SAYING HE'LL GET BACK AT ME!



LAWBREAKERS



RIGHT.. BUT WE COULD NEVER PROVE THAT BRANNAN KILLED HIM! TALK ABOUT IRONY, THIS IS THE CLINCHER! THIS GUY MADE HIS LIVING BY SETTING FIRES.. AND THE VERY THING THAT KILLED HIM SHOULD HAVE SAVED HIM...

THE FIRE ESCAPE!



DOUBLE IRONY, I CALL IT! MAXWELL WAS MIXED UP IN SOME SHADY BUILDING CONTRACTS USING CHEAP MATERIAL.. AND MAXWELL WAS THE ONE THAT BUILT THIS WAREHOUSE WITH THE FAULTY FIRE ESCAPE!



LAWBREAKERS

FOR WEEKS PAUL KLING HAD OBSERVED THE TIME-MECHANISM CONTROLLING THE HUGE BANK VAULT DOOR. HE KNEW TO A SPLIT-SECOND WHEN THE VAULT OPENED AUTOMATICALLY EACH DAY... TO THE LAST BREATH THE AMOUNT OF OXYGEN THE VAULT CONTAINED. THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS...

CHANCE of a LIFETIME!

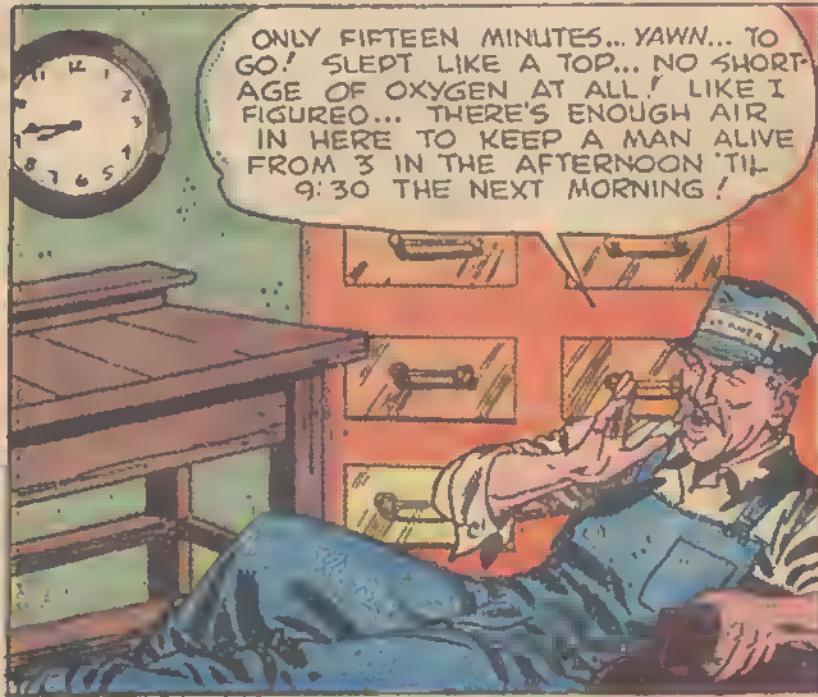


LAWBREAKERS

THAT FINISHES THE JOB... OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT VALISE! JUST WAITING FOR ME TO WALK OUT WITH IT THE MOMENT THE DOORS OPEN AT 9 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! AND NOTHING TO DO... BUT DREAM ABOUT HOW I'M GOING TO SPEND THE DOUGH!



THE HOURS SPED QUICKLY FOR PAUL KLING, AFTER HE FELL ASLEEP IN THE QUIET CHAMBER. AFTER HE AWOKE...



ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO GO NOW! AS SOON AS THOSE DOORS BEGIN TO SLIDE OPEN, OUT I POP! THE BANK GUARDS'LL BE SO SURPRISED I'LL BE BLOCKS FROM HERE BEFORE THEY GIVE THE ALARM!



I- IT CAN'T BE! T-THE CLOCK SAYS 9:05... YET THE VAULT HAS BEEN OPENING AT 9 O'CLOCK EVERY FRIDAY FOR WEEKS! T-THERE ISN'T MUCH OXYGEN LEFT IN HERE...



ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT TO KEEP ME ALIVE FOR 5 MINUTES MORE! T-THE WHOLE THING'S CRAZY! LET ME OUT... HELP! S-SOMEONE.... HELP!



F- FOR WEEKS I CHECKED THE TIME-MECHANISM... AND IT NEVER FAILED TO OPEN THE VAULT DOOR AT 9! I CAN HARDLY... GASP... BREATHE NOW! NO MORE OXY... WHAT'S THIS? A CALENDAR... IT CAN'T BE!!!



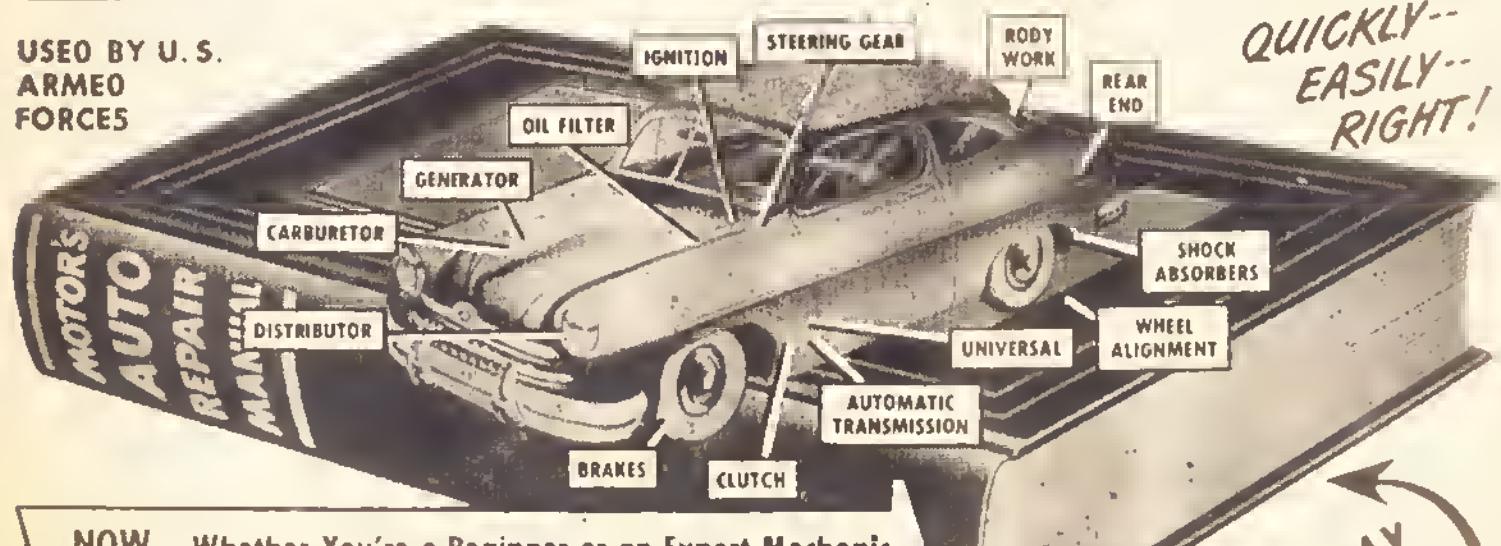
T-TODAY... GASP... IS FEBRUARY 22! WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY!!! THE BANK... GASP... DOESN'T OPEN TILL MONDAY!

I- I'M DOOMED!!!



HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U.S.
ARMED
FORCES



QUICKLY--
EASILY--
RIGHT!

NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic
—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!
MOTOR'S BIG BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows
You HOW—with 2400 PICTURES AND SIMPLE
STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.

COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1952

YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

Over TWO THOUSAND Pictures! So Complete. So Simple. You CAN'T Go Wrong!

NEW REVISED 1952 Edition covers everything you need to know to repair 851 car models. 780 giant pages, 2400 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 38,000 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

Most of Over 170 Official Shop Manuals

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 170 Official Factory Shop Manuals. "Boiled it down"

into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

Try Book FREE 7 Days

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen—return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today!

Address: MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 392, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Some FREE Offer On MOTOR'S Truck and Tractor Manual

Covers EVERY job on
EVERY popular make
gasoline truck, tractor
made from 1936 thru 1952.
FREE 7-Day Trial. Check
proper box in coupon.

Covers 851 Models—All These Makes
Buick Henry J. Nash Rambler
Cadillac Hudson Oldsmobile
Chevrolet Kaiser Packard
Chrysler LaSalle Plymouth
Crosley Lincoln Pontiac
De Soto Mercury Studebaker
Dodge Nash Terraplane
Ford Frazer Willys

Many Letters of Praise from Users
"MOTOR'S Manual paid for
itself on the first 2 jobs, and
saved me valuable time by
eliminating guesswork."
—W. SCHROEDER, Ohio

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor
another mechanic had worked
on half a day. With your Manual
I did it in 30 minutes."
—C. AUBREY, Tenn.



MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR BOOK DEPT.

Desk 392, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want)

MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If I.O.K. I will
remit \$1 in 7 days plus 35c delivery charges, \$7 monthly
for 2 months and a final payment of \$6 one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. I enclose price remit
\$1 cash with order.

MOTOR'S New TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL. If I.O.K.
I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months
plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return
book postpaid in 7 days. I enclose price, remit \$10 cash with order.

Print Name

Age

Address

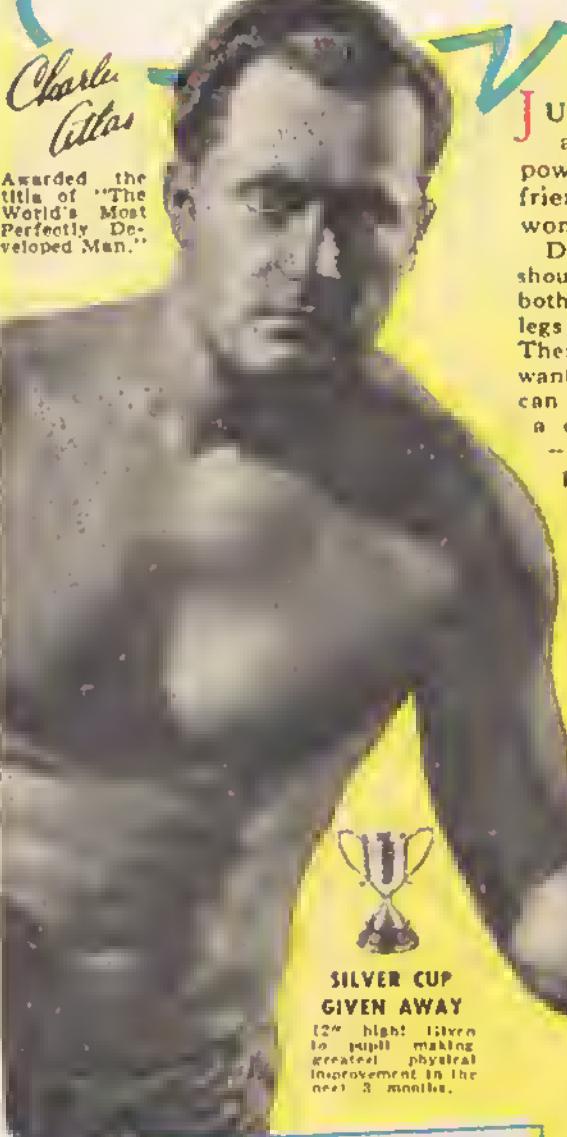
City, State

Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH
coupons either payment of \$6.00 for Auto Repair Manual or \$8 for
Truck and Tractor Repair Manual. Same 7-day return privilege applies.

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12% high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results! Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/4 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif. "What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. X., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 3251
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want.

(Check as many as you like)

- Main Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- Better Regularity, Digestion, Cleanse Skin
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- Better Sleep, More Energy

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3251, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—22 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

U If under 14 years of age check here for Ranktel A